

✓ IV  
Loves Maistresse :

O R,  
The Queens Masque.

As it was three times presented before  
their two Excellent MAJESTIES,  
within the space of eight dayes ;

In the presence of sundry Forraigne  
AMBASSADORS.

*Publikely Acted by the QUEENS*  
Comœdians,

*At the Phoenix in Drury-lane.*

---

*Written by* THOMAS HEYWOOD. K

---

*Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by Robert Raworth, for Iohn Crouch ; and are to bee  
sold by Iaster Emery, at the signe of the Eagle and Child,  
In Pauls Church-yard. 1636.





**TO THE RIGHT**

**Honorable EDWARD, Earle of**

**Durham, Lord Chamberlaine to the**

**Majesty of His Most Excellent Majesty,**

**and one of His Majesty's most Honorable Privy Counsellors,**

**James Heywood**

**having pleased His**

**Most Excellent Majesty**

**to give this thought**

**and worthy Poem to be**

**presented with her Royal pre-**

**sence. I was emboldened the rather**

**(though I dare not commend) yet to**

**commit it to your Noble Patronage,**

**A**

**neither**

as to be used in works, the  
 countenance of great men, when there  
 is frequent president, that the like have  
 been Dedicated too, and entertained  
 by Emperours, and the most Potent  
 Princes of their times. If your Honor  
 shall dayne the acceptance of a playne  
 mans love, and obseruance in this Pre-  
 sentment, as you grade the worke, so  
 you shall much intourage the Author,  
 who humbly takes his leave of your  
 Lordship, with that honorable  
 the excellent Poet. *Memorians. Egl. 1.*

Thomas Heywood.  
 A





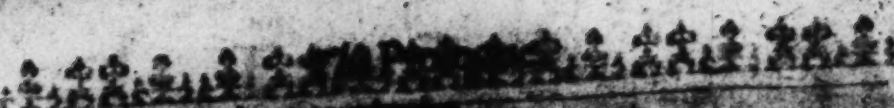




THE EPILOGUE, 1840

**This Play**

So



To many a heart that's true  
 And many a heart that's false  
 This day's an heavenly feast  
 Where Angels sing in choirs  
 This is the Revel of the night  
 Then men with their eyes  
 And their hearts  
 To the Revel of the night  
 From One to One  
 The very look of  
 One, that without  
 Commands the  
 Whole Nation  
 'Twould change the very  
 Offspring of the  
 As it can  
 I Love, from Love  
 Then grace (Great King)

¶ The Epilogue, spoken by Cupid, pointing to the  
 severall Planets.

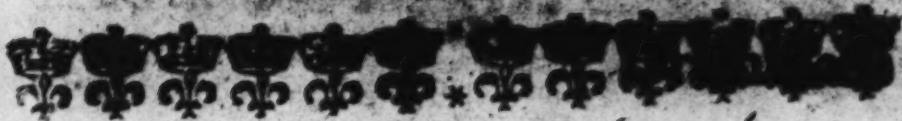
No more shall I  
 Think of the  
 Branch on you  
 Shall henceforth  
 From the  
 The Sun shall  
 To increase  
 Attend on you, to

And

DE

Am 1. April 1912

Esculap.  
Mimos  
Proserpine.  
Pluto.  
Vulcan.  
Mercury.  
Apollo.  
Pan.  
Cupid.  
Venus.  
Zeus.  
Minerva.  
Pallas.  
Petra.





DE

Apuleus,

Midas,

Admetus,

Adriatic,

Petrus,

Pluche,

Manetius,

Zelotes,

Venus.

Cupid.

Pan.

Apollo.

Mercury.

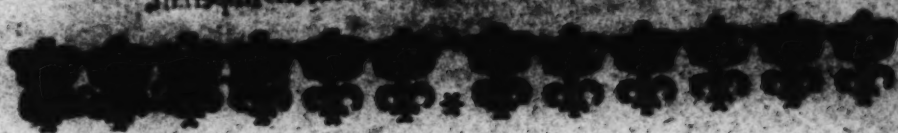
Vulcan.

Pluto.

Proserpine.

Minos

Eacus.





# Loues Mistris.

## Act. I. Scene. I.

Enter Appuleius

with a paire of *all the loves in*  
*his hand*



Ow *my waight*  
Or else how *could I*  
Into an *ill* *Why*  
Of *flow* *and* *in* *the* *world*  
I had a *brave* *and* *in* *the* *world*  
Beyond the *world* *what* *in* *the* *world*

Me thought was forny *and* *in* *the* *world*  
Therefore, I *therefore* *and* *in* *the* *world*  
That knowing man who *keeps* *and* *in* *the* *world*  
But pries into *Eighten* *and* *in* *the* *world*  
Further then leave; his *duke* *and* *in* *the* *world*  
Ceaseth to be a man and *in* *the* *world*  
And thus I *fell* *and* *in* *the* *world*  
That calls *all* *and* *in* *the* *world*  
Am once more to my *past* *and* *in* *the* *world*





*Large Hybrid*

With whom my lost soule wandred in a mist; And what I saw  
Knowing, of them thou art not changed least; And what I saw  
But first Ile shew a story of mine owne; And what I saw  
Of Cupids love to, If thou be not far off; And what I saw  
Ile make thee then inquisitely know; And what I saw  
Thy treason gainst the Muses majesty; And what I saw  
Withall, not onely Shakespeares mine; And what I saw  
But all true Poets treasures are divine; And what I saw

Me. Thou hast prevail'd with mee, by this Ile stay; m. 111  
But take heed Poore that your times be found, ym yd dnd W  
Else with thine own Affeares thou shalt be crown'd. stlw 11A

Ap. Wee two contend; And here, there Ignorance  
See you the Judges, that invite you all, and only blip out  
Vnto this banquet Academiſſe.

**Recorders:** Enter Admetus, Diabellus, Zerkow,  
Alfioche, Petrus, Pucke.

Ad. Yeon Peers and Daughters to the Arabian Kings I  
Wee have past the great'ft part of our pilgrimage  
Listen, oh listen, for these sounds that gild  
The aires light wings, singing all our tales  
Immortall tunes; tell us, ere we are old  
As *Scythian Daphn*; see the burnish'd spires  
Adorn'd with silver, and the golden towers  
The simple gates of Paradise  
Whole tongue of glory, and the golden gates  
Attended by his *Sibyl*, who

*Mens.* On top of the head with a small round bump of



## Loves Misticks

To kisse this hallowed earth,

*Zelo.* Ladies kneele downe,

*Astio.* And fir relate to faire *Leaves Songs*,

Why this religious voyage was attempted,

*Ad.* Daughters I shall:

Sacred *Apollo*, god of Archerie,

Of Arts, of Phisicke, and of Poetrie,

*Let* bright hair & Spons, whose yellow waffles shine

Like curled flames, hurling a most divine

And dazling splendore on these lesser fires,

Which from thy guile beames when thy *Dams* retires,

Kindle those tapers that last ayre to night

Oh thou that art the landlord of all light

Bridegroome to morning, dayes eternall King,

To whom Nine *Muses* in a sacred ring,

In dances sphericall, trip hand in hand,

Whilst thy well-stringed *Harpe* their feet command,

Great *Delphian* Priest, see to adoe thy state,

Have burnt fat thighs of Bulls in hallowed state,

Whose favor wrap'd in clouds of smoke and fire,

To thy Starre-spangled palace dost aspire,

Tell us who shall mate the *Virgin* zone

Of the white-handed *Cypris* face downe

Of three most faire, yet most unfortunate

All love, but none but love will celebrate,

With nuptiall rights; what must of her beside

Dread *Phobus* tell, to whom shall shee be bride,

*Apol.* Cloath thy face in mourning weeds,

Then leade and leave her on a hill,

Where *Venus* Doves their young ones feed,

Where *Venus* Doves their young ones feed,

Where *Venus* Doves their young ones feed,

## Looves Mistrie.

Her husband not of Humane race,  
But one, whose flaming sight doth kill,  
And yet wants eyes; his serpents face  
If shee behold, shee must see hell;  
And yet by some notorious deede,  
Obtaine a Patent from that place  
Never to die: *Psyche* farewell,  
Much joy'd, much griev'd, unchaste that spell. *Ex. Apollo.*

*Ad.* Much griev'd, and yet much joy'd, poore girl, I feare  
The scale of griefe will weigh downe that of cheere.

*Mene.* Shee must see hell; and yet shee neere shall die;  
True, for hells torments live eternally.

*Asti.* But father, no tongue shall her joyes expresse.

*Petre.* *Phobus*, thy words leave us all comfortlesse.

*Ps.* I must espouse a Serpent, that's my hell.

*Zelo.* But since you nevers shall behold his face,

Your torments cannot bee too horrible.

*Mene.* Is't possible, by deele impossible

To attaine the Crowne of Immortality

It cannot bee; Thus mocking *Phobus* leaves us,

Alwayes in clouds of darknesse to deceive us.

*Ad.* Stay thy prophane tongue, lest defouled wrath

Strike thee with death from his revenging heart;

Thou must be cloth'd in mourning; so thou art

A mourning habite, and a thought-ficke heart;

Thou must be left alone on *Venus* hill;

The destinies decree, wee must fulfill.

Thy husband must want sight; and yet have eyes

That flame, and kill; oh leave these mysteries

Vntill the Gods reveale them; come, let's hence

Change

## Loves Mistress.

Change your *Arcadian* tunes to *Lilium* sounds;  
Sad notes are sweetest, where deepe woe confounds.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Recorders. Enter Venus.*

*Ven.* Cupid my sonne, where's hee? *Within.*

*Cap.* Anon-forsooth.

*Ven.* He gather rods of roses, if you mock mee.

With your anon-forsooth.

*Cap.* Anon-forsooth.

*Ven.* Shall I be still thus yext 2 still when my blood  
Boyles in the fire of anger, then this spe  
With purpose frets mee. — *Boy.*

*Enter Cupid.*

*Cap.* Anon-forsooth.

*Ven.* Will *Iuno* come, or *Ceres*?

*Cap.* *Iuno* lay lolling in my Vncles lapp.

*Ven.* Which Vncle?

*Cap.* Vncle *Iove*: I laught out-right

To see how (wanton-like) with both her armes

Shee clung about his necke, gave him ten kisses.

Toy'd with his locks, look'd babies in his eyes,

And swore shee would not watch him when hee went.

Amongst his wenches, if hee'd turne away

His sawcie page, the smooth-fac'd *Ganymede*.

The boy by chance upon her fan had spide

A cup of Nectar; oh how *Iuno* swore

I told my Aunt I'de give her a new fan.

To



## *Louis Mistris.*

To let *Loves* page be *Capids* serving-man.

*Ven.* What's this new message, what said *Lovers*?

*Cu.* I ask'd her when shee'd come, and in good sooth,  
shee answered nothing but anon-forsooth.

*Ven.* And where was *Ceres*, what did shee repleie?

*Cu.* *Ceres* was binding garlands for God *Pan*,  
Of Blew-betules, and yellow pillards  
That grew amongst the Wheate, with which she crown'd  
His forked brow, and woad him with his horns  
To rounze the skipping Satirs, to goe hunt  
A heard of swine that rooted up her come.

I ask'd her when shee'd come, and in good sooth  
Shee sent me packing with anon-forsooth.

*Ven.* I sent for *Pan*, and for *Apollo* too,  
What news from them?

*Cu.* They said they would bee heere immediately.

*Enter Pan, and Apollo.*

*Apo.* Why in such haste hath *Venus* sent for us?

*Ven.* I sent for *Iuno*, and for *Ceres* too,  
But they'le not come.

*Pan.* Well, what's the news with you?

*Ven.* Have you not heard how *Paphos* is concern'd?  
Her Temples guard'd, but not trod upon,  
Her stately hangings, and her pillowes torne,  
Those rose garlands that her flames crown'd,  
Are wither'd, or else trampled on the ground;  
Those troopes that flock'd to *Paphos* to adore mee,  
Shun *Paphos* now, and scornfully shun mee.

*Pan.*



## Love's Mistress.

*Pan.* That's strange, for all are up to chaires in love;  
Boyes without beards get boyes, and girles beare girles;  
Fine little rattle-babies, scarce thus high,  
Are now call'd wives; If long this hot world stand,  
Wee shall have all the earth turne *Pigmy-land*.

*Ven.* All honour Love, but none where Loves Queene.

*Apol.* The injury is great; but from whence spring it?

*Ven.* From *Psiche* daughter to the *Procurator King*;

They call her Queene of Love, will know no other,  
And sweare my Sonne shall kneele and call her mother.

*Cup.* But Cupid sweares to make the jacks forsworne.

*Apol.* Will *Cerberus* swallow this disgrace?

*Pan.* What shall *Pan* doe in this?

*Ven.* Lend me your ayde;

If you meete *Psiche*, charge young *Mercury*

To send mee to her, or imprison her

Till you have sent mee word.

*Apol.* If this be all, *Venus* shall have her wish.

*Pan.* *Pan* by his vpright hornes and beard doth sweare

To hunt out *Psiche*; but if I doe this,

What will sweete *Venus* give mee?

*Ven.* A sweete kisse;

And *Phebus* shall have one, *Cupid* another,

Vpon condition they will right those wrongs

Which *Psiche* in her great pride throwes on mee;

Draw from thy quiver a dull leaden shaft,

And stricke it through her bosome to her heart;

Make her in Love, but let her proud eyes doate

On some ill-shapen drudge, some ugly foole:

Doe this; Ile weave for thee a *Coronet*

## Loves Mistress.

Of Roses, mix with Berenices haire;  
And give thee my best chariot, and my Doves  
To hunt with on the earth; or in the ayre;  
Wilt thou doe this my boy?

*Cup.* I will forsooth.

*Ven.* Nay doe not mock mee, wilt thou?

*Cup.* Yes indeede, indeede I will forsooth.

*Ven.* Sweet lad adue thee.

*Apollo, Pan,* revenge poore *Venus* wrongs,

Whil ft I anyoke my silver coloured teame,

To wanton on the bosome of yon fireame.

*Exit.*

*Apol.* Now shee hath call'd me downe unto the earth,

Ile try what pastimes dwell amongst the swaines.

*Exit.*

*Pan.* And with my Satires I will have some sport

Heere in the *Arcadian* vallyes,

*Exit.*

*Cup.* Shall *Psiches* beautilous eyes gaze on base love?

Noe, let my Mother storme, and chafe and tower,

Shee shall be none but *Cupids* Paramoure.

*Enter Zephirus.*

Ho *Zephirus*, — how now: thou puffing slave,

Art thou growne proud, thou swell'st so? Gentle winde,

Clap on thy smootheft feathers, sleekest wings,

And mount thee to the top of yonder rocke,

There shalt thou find anon, a forlorne maide,

Conuey her gently downe into the vaile

That borders on my bower; see this perform'd,

And I will cloath thee in a grasse-green roabe,

Spotted with Daisies, Pincks, and Marigolds;

Ile play the thiefe in *Floras* treasure,

To make all eyes in love with *Zephirus*;

*Flie*

## Loves Mistress.

Plie hence, doe this, and henceforth be thou King  
Of all the Windes, and father of the Spring. *Exit.*

*Enter* Admetus, Menetius, Zeloris, Astioche,  
Petrea, Psiche.

*Ad.* Behold the foote of that unhappy rocke,  
Vpon whose frozen top, by *Phobus* doome,  
Thou must abide thy most sinister hap.

*Astio.* Deare sister *Psiche*.

*Psi.* Peace *Astioche*,

*Petrea*, Father: you should all have mourn'd  
When the mad spirits of the multitude  
Kneel'd downe, and call'd mee *Venus*; then have wept,  
When *Cithareas* Altars were left bare;  
And I was call'd a goddesse; when these teares,  
Whose reeking makes my funerall lights burne dimme,  
Might have quench'd *Venus* wrath; but leave mee now  
To fight with death, or meete worse misery.

*Mene.* But lurkes that serpent in this fatall rocke?

*Pet.* So said *Apollo*.

*Zelo.* Then *Menetius*,

Wee will conduct faire *Psiche* to the cave,  
And rip the monsters intrails with our swords.

*Psi.* Forbeare all force, I will ascend alone;

*Phobus* will be displeas'd; Alone said hee,  
Distressed *Psiche* shall climbe up yon hill.

*Ad.* The way is dangerous, thou wilt loose thy selfe  
Without a guide.



## *Lover's Mistrie.*

*Pf.* Death must my conduct bee,  
See where the pale hagge stands; vaine world adue;  
I am his bride, hee waites for none of you.

*Shee climbs up the Rocke.*

*Ad.* What paines the poore girl takes, see how shee strives  
Against the swelling bosome of the hill.

*Mens.* See the kind brambles, as enamor'd of her,  
Circle her beautie in her catching armes,  
Woeing her to come back; as who should say,  
Thou run'st too fast to death, sweete *Pfiche* stay.

*Ad.* But all in vaine, shee now hath climb'd the Rock,  
And waits her hand, doe you the like to her,  
Whose timelesse death prepares my sepulchre.

*Petre.* Sister with courage meete thy destinie,  
To morrow, if thou liv'st, wee'le visite thee. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cupid and Zephirus.*

*Cup.* Flie *Zephirus*, on top of yonder mount  
My faire Love sits; on thy soft swelling wings  
Let *Pfiche* ride—— you Vo;tes that arend mee, *Ex. Zep.*  
Dance in the aire like wantons, to intice  
My love to dwell in *Cupids* Paradiſe:  
Musicke with ravishing tones inchant her eares;  
A banquet there: Shee that doth *Cupid* wed,  
Thus shall shee live, and thus be honoured. *Exit.*

*Enter Zephirus and takes Pfiche from the Rocke, and  
Exit with her in his armes. A Banquet brought in.*

*Enter*

## *Loves Mistris.*

*Enter Zephirus with Psiche, and places her at  
the Banquet, and Exit.*

*Psi.* Where am I now? For through the cheerefull aire  
Hither I have beene brought, on unceasing wings;  
What wonderous place is this? No serpent sure  
Lurkes in this pleasant bowre: my eare drinks sounds  
Of heaven-tun'd Instruments; I see no creature,  
And yet me thought soft fingers set me downe,  
And I am forc'd by sweete compulsion, *A Banquet first plaine,*  
To bee the onely guest of this faire board, *and presently set out*  
Which emptie, is as soone new furnished; *with all Delicacies.*  
I faine would touch these sweetes, but feare to taste them.

*Eccho.* Taste them. 2. Taste them. 3. Taste them.

*Psi.* What voice is that? I dare no longer sit.

*Eccho.* Sit. 2. Sit. 3. Sit.

*Psi.* Who mock's mee? Are you devills, or are you gods.

*Eccho.* Gods. 2. Gods. 3. Gods.

*Psi.* The gods will doe no harme.

*Eccho.* No harme. No harme. No harme.

*Psi.* *Psiche* bee bo'd, and taste this heavenly foode.

*Eccho.* Ha ha ha. 2. Ha ha ha. 3. Ha ha ha.

*Psi.* There are no *Ecchoes*, for they shift their place,  
Nor catch they my last words as *Ecchoes* doe:  
For when I would have fed, they mock'd my pride,  
They laught aloud at my presumption:  
Now these are *Fury-Elves*, and will torment mee,

*Enter Zephirus with Drinke.*

## Loves Mistris.

If thus I talke to them, — Who fills this wine,  
And tempts my eye with it? as who should say,  
Drinke *Pfiche*.

*Eccho*. Drinke *Pfiche*. 2. Drinke *Pfiche*. 3. Drinke *Pfiche*,  
*Pfi*. Ile taste no drop of this enchanted wine :  
Faine from this magick circ'e would I ri'e,  
Yet dare not; oh let *Pfiche* see your eyes,  
Or rid me hence, and set my feares in peace.

*Ecch*. Peace. 2. Peace. 3. Peace.

*Enter*. Cupid.

*Cap*. How lovely is my *Pfiche*; earth's too base  
To be possesst of her Celestiall forme :  
My Mother hates her; for the gods I feare  
Would banish her from earth, my Love being there ;  
And therefore shall shee live in *Cupids* Bower,  
For shee deserves to bee Loves Paramoure :  
Oh how my faire eyes wound mee; by this kisse,  
And this white hand.

*Pfi*. Oh mee ! what voice is this  
I feele? besides, soft fingers, and a ring.

*Cap*. Long white fingers; soft white hand,  
Ring and all at thy command.

*Pfi*. Is this my husband then?

*Cap*. Ho Zephirus,  
Remove hence these Ambrosian dishes straight.

*Zephirus rakes off the Banquets*

*Pfi*. My father much mistooke the Oracle ;

To



## Loves Mistress.

To this sweete voice, could I enjoy the sight,  
I should my selfe then stile Queene of delight.

*Cup.* Pleasure shall bee thy lackie; wilt thou hunt,  
Then in an ayerie chariot drawne by birds,  
On the winds downie backe my love shall ride;  
Mild *Zephyrus* shall be thy Waggoner;  
Who if the heate offend, his silver wings  
Shall fan coole ayre upon thee, yet my love,  
If thou commit'st one sinne, thou art not mine.

*Psi.* Name it, and Ile avoid it for your sake.

*Cu.* Thy mourning sisters shortly will returne,  
And seeke thee on the rocke from whence thou cam'st,  
But shun their sight and speech; *Pische* doe this,  
Thou rob'st mee else of Love, thy selfe of blisse.

*Psi.* Not speake nor see my sisters; oh what pleasure  
Can *Pische* take, lock't in a golden Iayle?

*Cup.* Runne not unto thy ruine gentle love,  
Yet if thou needs wilt see and speake with them,  
Command my seruant *Zephyrus* to bring them  
From top of yonder rocke into this vaile;  
But if they make inquiry who I am,  
Fill both their laps with gold, and send them gon;  
Besides I woe thee by this nuptiall kisse,  
Doe not perswade me to disclose my shape,  
Attempting that, thou loosest this high state;  
I then must leave thee, thou live desolate.

*Psi.* In all these things, I will obey my love.

*Cup.* Then *Pische*, in thine unseene husbands hand,  
Claspe thy white fingers; Ile now crowne thy bed  
With the sweete spoiles of thy lost Maiden-head. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

## *Loves Mistru.*

*Enter Apuleius and Midas.*

*Mid.* Hand off, let goe my sheepe-hooke, Ile not stay,  
Ile hang my selfe, ere Ile see out thy Play :  
Call you this Poetry ?

*Ap.* If this displease thee *Midas*, then Ile shew thee  
Ere I proceede with *Cupid* and his Love,  
What kind of people I commert withall  
In my transhape.

*Mi.* That's when thou wert an Asse.

*Ap.* The very same.

*Mi.* Yes, that I faine would see.

*Ap.* Sit then and view thine owne infirmitie.

*A Dance. Enter a Proud Asse with eares.*

*Mi.* What fellowes that ?

*Ap.* A selfe-will'd insolent foole,  
Who spights at those above him, and those beneath  
Despiseeth, and his equalls jets upon ;  
Rich in his owne conceit, in judgement poore,  
Still carping, sho' a coxcombe, and may passe,  
As these dayes goe, for a prond arrogant Asse.

*Dance. Enter a Prodigall Asse.*

*Mid.* I this I like : What fellowes that ?

*Ad.* A fellow hee,  
Who riots that, which most penuriously  
His father hoorded, in drabs, drinke and play ;

*Wearing*

## *Loves Mistress.*

Wearing fantastick habitts, and gay clothes,  
Till hee hath quite exhausted all his gold,  
And for a Prodigall Ass<sup>e</sup> may bee enroul'd.

*Dance. Enter a Drunken Ass<sup>e</sup>.*

*Mi.* This gives me good content——What's hee?

*Ap.* A pot-companion, brother to the glasse,  
That roares in 's cupps, indeede a drunken Ass<sup>e</sup>.

*Dance. Enter an Vsurer.*

*Mi.* He looks like a good fellow——Now that gray-beard?

*Ap.* One that doth pinch his belly in his life,  
And starue his owne guts to make others fatter;  
Patcheth his owne clothes to make others proud,  
And for a covetous Ass<sup>e</sup> may be allow'd.

*Dance. A young Gentle-woman.*

*Mi.* But so did never *Mida*——Now, that *Minks*.

*Ap.* Her mothers darling shee, borne to good meanes;  
In love with all shee sees, yet truly none;  
Who when great Heires are proffered, trifles them;  
And in the end, when with none else shee can,  
Shee marries with her fathers serving-man;  
And that is a right shee-Ass<sup>e</sup>.

*Dance. An Ignorant Ass<sup>e</sup>.*

*Mi.* What Reverend persons that of all the other?

D

I like



## Loves' Mistris.

I like him best.

*Ap.* That *Midas*, is thy brother,  
A piece of mooving earth, illiterate; dull;  
Who having in him selfe naught commendable,  
Envies what's good in others; and yet dare  
In his owne impudence, with Arts compare:  
A blocke, a stone, yet learning hee'le revile,  
And a dull Ignorant Ass we will him stile.

*Mi.* But where's your Poet Ass among all these?

*Dance and Exit.*

*Ap.* Ther's no such creature.

*Mi.* Then what call'st thou those  
That let not men lie quiet in their graves,  
But hant their ghosts with ballatts, and bal'drimes?  
Doe they not teach the very feinds in hill  
Speake in blanke verse; doe wee not daily see  
Every dull-witted Ass spit Poetrie:  
And for thy Scene; thou bring'st heere on the stage  
A young greene-sicknesse baggage to run after  
A little ape-fac'd boy thou tearm'st a god;  
Is not this most absur'd?

*Ap.* Mis-understanding foole, thus much conceive,  
*Pische* is *Anima*, *Pische* is the Soule,  
The Soule a Virgin, longs to be a bride,  
The soule's Immortall, whom then can shee wooe  
But Heaven? whom wed, but Immortality:  
Oh blame not *Pische* then, if mad with rage,  
Shee long for this so divine marriage.

*Mi.* But tell mee then, why should *Apollo* say,  
All love her, and yet none will marry her.

*Apuleius*



## Loves Mistis.

*Ap.* All love faire *Pische*, all cast amorous eyes  
On the soules beautie, but who is't will wed her?  
None with the sou'e will leade so strict a life  
As heaven enjoynes, with such a blessed wife.

*Ms.* Thou promp't my understanding pretty well ;  
But why should *Venus* being Queene of Love,  
Wish her sonne *Cupid* to enamour her  
On some base groome mis-shapen, and deform'd ?

*Ap.* By *Venus* heere, is meant untemperate lust;  
Lust woes her sonne *Desire*, to inflame the soule  
With some base groome, that 's to some ugly sinne ;  
*Desire* is good and ill ; the evill swears  
To obey his mother *Venus*, and vex *Pische* ;  
But *Cupid* representing true desire,  
Doates on the Soules sweete beauty, sends his servant  
*Zephirus*; In whom, Celestiall pleasure meant,  
To entice his love, the Soule, to his chaste bed,  
Giving her heaven for her lost maiden-head.

*Ms.* Onely one riddle more, and I have done ;  
Why did the poore girle *Pische* take such paines ?  
What scrambling shift shee made to climbe the mountaine,  
And cawle through brakes and briers to get a husband.

*Ap.* This shewes how many strong adversities,  
Crosses, Pricks, Thornes, and stings of conscience,  
Would throw the ambitious soule affecting heaven,  
Into dispaire, and fainting diffidence,  
Which *Pische* must passe through ; the Soule must lie  
Through thousand lets, to seeke eternitie.

*Ms.* Thou hast made this somewhat plaine.

*Ap.* Kind Gentlemen,

## Love's Mistress.

Winke at our strife, you may in pardoning this,  
Count this our talke a more Parentesis.

*Exeunt.*

### ACT. II. SCENE. I.

*Enter Psiche, Astioche, and Petrea.*

*Pf.* **W**elcome deare sisters; with the breath of Love,  
Poore *Psiche* gives kind welcome to you both:  
Oh tell me then by what auspicious guide,  
You came conducted to this sacred place?

*Asti.* Sister you shall: when many a weary step  
Had brought us to the top of yonder rocke,  
Mild *Zephirus* embrac'd us in his armes,  
And in a cloude of rich and strong perfumes,  
Brought's unto the skirts of this Greene meade,

*Pf.* And happily arriv'd: Nature and Art  
Have strove to make this dale their treasure;  
Windes flie on *Psiches* errands; shapes unseen  
Are my attendants, and to make mee sport,  
Will dance like nimble Ecchoes in the ayre,  
And mocke mee.

*Eccho.* Mock me. 1. Mock me. 3. Mock me.

*Pf.* Sisters, how like you this?

*Eccho.* This, ha ha ha. 1. This, ha ha ha. 3. This, ha ha ha.

*Petre.* They mock us, will they doe us harme to us?

*Pf.* Oh no.

*Eccho.* No. 1. No. 3. No.

*Psiche*

## Loves Mistress.

*Psi.* Bablers, be silent.

*Eccho.* Silent. 2. Silent. 3. Silent.

*Psi.* Or Ile punish you;

And let me heare some musicke — Loud — And still.

*Loude Musicke, and still Musicke.*

Tell mee, how like you this?

*Asti.* It flies the reach of Admiration.

*Petr.* But let us see the shapes of them that play,

What are they, speake? or what's your husbands name?

Let's know our brother, that wee may relate

To th' King our father your high honour'd state.

*Psi.* My husband, sister, is now rid from home.

*Asti.* Why, say he bee; I hope you know his name;

Wee'le ransacke all the Pallace but wee'le find him:

Is your sweete-heart so proud, hee'le not be seene?

*Petr.* Where is hee *Psi*che?

*Psi.* Trust mee, hee's from home.

*Asti.* Let's see his Picture then?

*Psi.* Lasse I have none.

*Petr.* Describe his person.

*Psi.* I must shift them hence,

My tongue will else breede my confusion.

*Asti.* Nay sister, when?

*Petr.* When sister will it bee?

*Psi.* How should I give him shape I never saw?

Hee's a faire lovely youth, upon each cheek,

Smiles lie in cheerefull dimples; on his brow

Sits Love and Majestie in glorious pride;

His eyes such beauty in their circles hold,

That walking in the night, I have thought them starres:



## Loves Mistress.

Long flaxen curled tresses crowne his head,  
Come, come, you shall not be enamored  
On my faire husband; this for all suffice,  
Hee's young and rich.

*Asti.* Oh how my blood doth rise  
In enuy of her high felicitie; speake, what's his name?

*Pfi.* Home, Home; more musicke there, I must to rest:

*Recorders.* Enter Zephirus with baggs.

Ho Zephirus, come forth, and bring mee brim-full baggs of  
Hold up your lapps; tho' them you cannot see (gold;  
That bring this gold, this larges take from mee;  
Adieu, adieu: my duty to the King,  
I needs must stop mine eares when Syrens sing. Exit,

*Petr.* *Astioche.*

*Asti.* Petrea, oh, I am mad to note her pride;  
Her husband is no serpent as 'twas said,  
And false Apollo sung; hee is some god,  
And this his Temple, for no mortall hand  
Hath laid these Christiaall pavements, cloath'd these meades  
In never-fading liveries of greene;  
*Flora* you see cloathes all the ground with flowers,  
*Flora* is *Pfishes* hand-maid; *Zephirus*  
Is but her soote-boy, lackeys at her becke.

*Petr.* Yet shee's our sister, and it doth mee good  
To see rich worth in any of our blood.

*Asti.* Thou art a foole *Petrea*, for I hate  
That any's fortune should transcend my state;  
Shee sends us hence in scorne, but wee'll returne,  
And never cease, till by some treachery,  
Her prid wee make a slave to misery.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



## Loves Mistress.

*Enter Admetus, Menetius, and Zelotis,*

*Mene.* Patience great sir, you have not lost them all,  
Doubtlesse the two last live.

*Zelo.* Sir though they be your daughters, th'are our wives,  
And wee are in no such despaire of them.

*Ad.* Admit you were one for *Astioche*,  
And that another for *Petrea* wept,  
You two, but for two wives shed husbands teares;  
For you and them, I sorrow all: your feares  
Devided betwixt you; on me alone,

Lies like a mountaine, and thus casteth downe

*Admetus* wretched body, with his crowne;

They followed *Pische* and her destiny,

Hath given them death, us living misery.

*Enter Evemore.*

*Eve.* Rise Royall Sir, your Daughters are return'd.

*Ad.* Oh where, which way; are my two daughters come?

*Eve.* Yesir, and both their lapps are fill'd with gold.

*Enter Astioche and Petrea.*

*Ad.* Wellcome to both in one; oh can you tell  
What fate your sister hath?

*Both.* *Pische* is well.

*Ad.* So among mortalls, it is often sed,  
Children and friends are well, when they are dead.

*Astio.* But *Pische* lives, and on her breath attends.

Delights

## Loves Mistress.

Delights that farre surmount all earthly joy;  
Musicke, sweete voyces, and Ambrosian fare,  
Windes, and the light-wing'd creatures of the ayre;  
Cleere channel'd rivers, springs, and flowrie meades,  
Are proud when *Pfiche* wantons on their streames,  
When *Pfiche* on their rich Imbroiderie treads,  
When *Pfiche* guilds their Christall with her beames;  
Wee have but seene our sister; and behold  
She sends us with our lapps full brim'd with gold.

*Adm.* Oh, you amaze me Daughters.

*Pet.* Let joy banish amazement from your Kingly thoughts  
*Pfiche* is wedded to some Deitie,  
And prays withall, our quicke returne againe.

*Ad.* VVee grant it; wee with you and these, will goe  
To *Pfiches* bowre; desire inflames my minde,  
To sit on the bright wings of that blest winde.

*Ast.* Oh but the god that governes *Pfiches* thoughts;  
For sure hee is Immortall; charg'd my sister  
To talke with none but us.

*Petr.* Yes by the magicke of our tongues wee'll cry  
If wee can win you so much libertie.

*Ad.* Goe my *Astioche*, but come againe  
To comfort him that must thy want complaine;  
Goe with my love *Petrea*, but returne  
VVith winged speede, whil' st wee your absence mourne;  
Goe with my blessing; blest those sisters bee,  
That live like you in bonds of unitie:  
Give *Pfiche* this; give her thou this *Petrea*. *Kissesh them.*  
Tell her shee is my selfe, my soules *Idea*,  
And say, whil' st shee is spotlesse, lovely white,

She





## Love's Labour's Lost

cholly and mad-folliage, grand signior of griefes, and grone,  
Lord of lamentations, Heroe of his owne Admirall of aympes  
and Mounfier of mutton-lac'd.

2. *Swaine.* Heere's a stile I shall never bee able to get  
over.

*Cl.* And who doe you thinke maintaines this princox in  
his *Pamistall* hope? and who hath his voyd him and v. b. n. A. d. d.  
in *Cl.* the company of *Pamistall* fellows, and *Poets*, did you  
never heare of one *Homer*, and of the *Tale of Troy*, and of a ten  
yeeres siege, and many such things, and *W.* I have heard of it.

*Cl.* And many things concerning them.  
*Cl.* But heere mee, in this house of understanding.  
This *Troy* was a falling of some *Trojan* bodies, and *P.* as  
as silly a fellow as I am, I have loved to play the good fel-  
low, hee had a great many bowing fellows, whom hee called  
sonnes.

3. *Swaine* I have heard of it.  
*Cl.* In the same, by this *Troy* ranne a small *Brooke*, that  
one might stride over; on the other side dwelt *Mistress* a Far-  
mer, who had a light wench to his wife call'd *Moll*, that  
keeps his sheepe, whom *Paris*, one of *P.* mad lads, see-  
ing and liking, ticed over the brooke, and lies with her in  
despight of her husbands teeth; for which wrong, hee sends  
for one *Agamemnon* his brother, that was then high Constable  
of the hundred, and complains to him: hee sends to one  
*Ulysses*, a faire spoken fellow, and *Towne-clerke*, and to di-  
vers others, amongst whom was one stout fellow called *Jay*, a  
Butcher, who upon a Holy day, brings a payre of  
cudgells, and layes them downe in the midle, where the  
Two.



## Love's Labour.

Two Hundred were the poets, which Paris, a haire,  
another boald lad of the other side being, steps forth,  
and takes them up; these two had a bowle of two for a  
broken pate; And heere was all the circumstance of the Trojan  
Warres.

1. *Swa.* To see what these Poets can doe.

*Clowne.* But listen to them, and they will fill your heads  
with a thousand fooleries; observe one thing, there's none  
of you all sooner in love, but he is troubled with their itch,  
for hee will bee in his Amours, and his Canzonets, his  
Pastoralls, and his Madrigalls, to his Phillis, and his A-  
morillis.

1. *Swa.* Oh beauntious Amoris.

*Clo.* And what's Amoris thinkst thou?

1. *Swa.* A faire and lovely creature.

*Clo.* He shew thee the contrary by her owne name, *Amen* is  
love; *illis*, is ill; is ill, cannot bee good; *Ergo Amoris* is  
starke naught; let one or two examples serue for more,  
there's one of our fayrest Nymphes called *Susanna*; what is  
*Susanna*, but *Sus* and *anna*, which is in plaine *Arcadia*, *Nan*  
is a Sow.

2. *Swa.* Well, you have taught us more then ever I under-  
stood before, concerning Poetrie.

*Clowne.* Come to mee but one howre in a morning, and he  
reade deeper Philosophie to you; good-morrow Neighbors;  
Poets; quoth a; What's *Titule en patule*, but Titles and  
Pages; What's *Propria que maribus*, but a Proper man  
loves Mary-bone, or *Francino generis tribuatur*, but the Fem-  
nine Gender is troublesome, what's *Ovid*, but *quasi* avoide, now  
should I be in love, with whom? with *Dolt*, what's that but

## Love's Labour's Lost

Do's and lamentation, with lugs that's sheet, like a black-pot, or what's Pegg good for nothing, but to drive into pottle; no Cupid, I desire thee and all thy genealogie.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. What's hee that so prophane our deity?  
And comes that power which all the gods adore;  
To whom *Iove* some-times bends, and *Neptune* kneeles,  
*Mars* homageth, and *Phebus* will inbow,  
Shee *Mercury* obey, and *Vulcan* bow too;  
And all the rurall gods and goddessees,  
Saytirs and Nymphes, allow their loversigne:  
Hee shall not scape unpunished.

Clo. If I could but find one of these fantastick Peere, or  
light upon that little god their Patron, I would so tickle  
them.

Cup. This hobinall, this rusticke, this base clowne;  
I find him of a dull and braine-lesse eye,  
Such as I know a golden-headed shaft  
Will never enter; of a skinne so chicke,  
As pointed filer hath no power to pierce;  
For such grosse fooles, I have a boult in store,  
Which though it cannot wound, shall give a blow,  
To startle all within him.

Clo. Oh me, hey-hee.

Cup. Lie there base *Midas* bastard, that refuses  
All honour & love, and rayl' it against the *Muses*.

Clo. Oh coward, what loere thou art, to come behind a man  
and

## Love's Labour's Lost

and strike him before, for I saw no body to shew, and  
never give a man warning, oh coward, I am payd, I am pay-  
per'd; the case is alter'd, for any one may goe by the hage-  
nesse of the blow, that I am mightily in love; ay me, that any  
wench were heere, whose name is Aymara, now should I be in  
love with any madge, though she were in Howlet's with any  
mayd, though she look't like a Malkin; Oh Retty, I find that  
I am poyson'd with thee too; for me thinks I could say my  
prayers in blanke-verse, nay let me see, I think I could find  
for a neede;

*Cupid* I yield, since so I know thy will is quick  
And Ile goe seek me out some other still;

*Enter Psiche alone.*

*Psi.* There's at this time a combat in my soule,  
Whether to trust my well-knowne sisters better,  
Or my yet unseene husband; I have asked,  
Demanded, and enquired of all my traine,  
This fairy-traine that hourly waites on mee,  
Yet none of them will tell mee what hee is;

*Enter Cupid.*  
Besides, this sollicitude to be alone,  
Begins to grow most tedious; and my Eares  
Doe every way distract mee.

*Cup.* Why how now *Psiche*?

*Psi.* Oh let Mercies eyes  
Shine on my fault.

*Cup.* Are these thy heaven-bound vowe?  
Are all thy protestations guiled ayre?



## Love's Mistress.

Hast thou no more regard to my command,  
Or thine owne safety?

*Pf.* Deare love pardon mee.

*Cap.* Once more I doe; and still must pardon thee,  
And thou must still offend, still torture mee;  
Yet once againe Ile try thy constancy  
Thy sisters are at hand.

*Pf.* But gentle Love,  
Shall I not speake to them?

*Cap.* Yes, but I woe thee  
To find them quickly hence, or they'le undoe thee;  
They now are at the Rock, bid the coole winde  
To please thee, bring them to the place assign'd. *Exit.*

*Enter Zephirus with the two Sisters.*

*Pf.* Ho Zephirus,  
Tell me the cause of your so quicke returne?

*Ast.* *Pfiche* wee come with danger of our lives,  
To save our sister from ensuing harme.

*Pf.* What harme? What danger?

*Ast.* Danger eminent,  
Once you refused our Counsell, and deni'd  
To let us know your husband, or his name.

*Petr.* Come, let's see him.

*Pf.* Oh, what shall I doe?

*Petr.* Escape the danger you are fall'n in.

*Pf.* You cannot see him.

*Ast.* Give us then his shape?

*Pfiche*



## Love's Mistrie.

*Pfi.* His shape, why hee's a man whose shewie head  
Bowes on his bowes, though hee weighs of age.

*Asti.* That cannot bee, you said hee was a youth  
Of comely stature, with long flaxen haire.

*Pfi.* I am entr'p'd.

*Asti.* Speake, did you ever see your husband?

*Pfi.* Why doe you aske, pray trouble me no more;  
Leave me, and I will fill your lapps with gold.

*Asti.* Once thy gold tempted us to leave this place,  
And to betray thy life to misery,

It shall not now; did not *Appollo* doome

Thy fatall marriage to some hidden beast;

How just is *Phebus* in his auguries,

Last night, when wee went hence laden with gold,

Wee spide a serpent gliding on the meade,

Who at the sight of us, wishing his head

Proudly into the ayre, first hilt at heaven;

Because it did not shade him from our eyes.

*Pfi.* How did that serpent vanish from your sight?

*Asti.* In at these gates hee rowld; *Pfi* be wife,

For tho' a while hee dally with thy beauty,

Dulling thy taste with sweetes, thy eyes with shewes,

Thy eares with musicke, and sweete lullabies.

Hee will in time devour thee.

*Pfi.* Miserab'le wretch,

How shall I flie the fate that follows mee?

Whose helpe shall I inuoke?

*Petr.* Tell us the truth,

And wee'le devise some meanes to succour thee.

*Pfi.* You are my sisters, I confesse to you.

I never

## Locrine

I never saw his face, know not his shape,  
 Yet have I touch'd his eyes, and kiss'd his hands;  
 Oft have I kiss'd his cheekes, and kiss'd his lips;  
 Eyes, hands, lips, cheekes, all seem so charmed by touch,  
 That I have sworne, save his, there were none such;  
 Yet your strange story makes mee so suspect  
 That hee's some serpent, for hee tells me still  
 To see his glorious shape, will amaine mee;  
 Besides hee bids mee shun your company,  
 Else you will breede my sorrow; this is that  
 Which troubles mee.

*Asi.* Heare then my counsell; instantly provide  
 A keene-edg'd rayser, and a burning lamp;  
 At night, when sleepe hath clos'd his monstrous eyes,  
 Steale from his speckled side, slip by his light;  
 And without feare behold his horrid shape,  
 And with the rayser cut his skalle through;  
 And so by death gaine life, and hee being dead,  
*Pfiche* shall no more King be married.

*Perr.* How doth our sister relish this device?  
*Pfi.* I doe embrace your countell, and this night  
 Ile put the same in execution;  
 Come, you have made mee resolute and bould,  
 And now receive your lapps ore-swell'd with gold. *Exit.*

*Asi.* Swell in thy pride, untill thou break'st thy heart,  
 Yet come, wee'll take her lappes ere wee part. *Exit.*

*Enter Midas and Apuleius.*

*Mi.* Poet no more; I have enough of *Pfiche*;

Her

## *Loth's Mistrie*

Her sisters and the serpent, all of them  
Most villanous lies, He put out in, and unlesse  
To please my selfe, and keepe mine eyes from sleepe,  
Thou'lt let mee shew thee some of our fine sport,  
Such as wee use heere in *Arcadia*,  
I will endure no longer.

*Ap.* Well, I am pleas'd.

*Mi.* He shew thee in a dance.

*Ap.* Art some-times must give way to ignorance.

## **A DANCE.**

*Enter Pan, Clowne, Swaines, and Country-wenches;*  
*They Dance, and Exit.*

*Mi.* Was not this sport indeede?

*Ap.* My modestie gives thee no reprehension.  
For I am well pleas'd with your Pastorall mirth;  
But as thou had'st a power over mine eyes,  
To sit it out with patience; so lend mee  
Thy attentive eares.

*Mi.* First cleere thy obscurities,  
Nay, grosse ones too; heere *Piche* lyes abominably.  
And sayes thee has two husbands, the one young,  
The other old: How canst thou answer this?

*Ap.* Though thy vaine doubts be most familiar  
To these Iudicious hearers, well experienc'd,  
As well in matters Morall as Divine;  
To thee He make it plaine.



## Loves Mistris.

*Mi.* I prethee doe.

*Ap.* Did *Psiche* lie to say shee had two loves?  
How like art thou to *Psiche*, shee to thee.

*Mi.* To me, I seerne her likenesse.

*Ap.* In this poynt thou art,  
For rather then thy sisters shall grow angry,  
To make earths drossie pleasures stay for thee,  
Thou wilt exclaime with *Psiche*, *Cupids* young;  
The joyes of heaven are all too young, too little  
To be believ'd or look'd at; if that faile,  
Thou with the soule wilt say, my love is old,  
Divine delights are crooked like old age,  
Who will not vow, speake, nay sweare any thing,  
To have their vaine delights seru'd like a king.

*Mi.* 'Tis pretty, but your Ecchoes pleas'd me best;  
Oh if a man had seene them.

*Ap.* With a mortall eye none can; in them is hid this mystery;  
Czelestiall raptures, that to allure the sight,  
Are seene no more then voices being on high,  
Subject unto no weake, and fleshly eye.

*Mi.* But why did *Cupid* hide himselfe from *Psiche*?

*Ap.* Oh who dares prie into those misteries,  
That heaven would have conceal'd; for this shee's charg'd  
Not to see *Cupids* face, to shun her sisters.

*Mi.* Those gadding girles, what did'st thou meane by them?

*Ap.* The restless finnes that travell night and day,  
Emaying her blisse, the sweete soule to betray.

*Mi.* Well, by this little I conceive the rest,  
I care not greatly if I stay it out,  
But if not lik't, Ile either sleepe or flowte.



## Loves Mistress.

*Ap.* So will not these I hope, before they view  
What horrid dangers *Cupid's* bride pursue. *Exeunt.*

### ACT. III. SCENE. I.

*Enter Psiche in night-attire, with a Lampe and  
a Rayser.*

*Psi.* **T**imes eldest daughter Night, mother of ease,  
Thou gentle nurse, that with sweete lullabies,  
Care-waking hearts to gentle slumber charm'st;  
Thou smooth-cheek'd negro night, the black-ey'd  
That rid'st about the world on the soft backs (Queene,  
Of downy Ravens sleeke and sable plumes,  
And from thy Charriot, silent darknesse flings;  
In which man, beast, and bird, inuoloped,  
Takes their repose and rest; *Psiche* intreats thee,  
Noe Iarre nor found betray her bold attempt: *Cup. discovered*  
Soft filken vaile that curtaines in my doubt, *sleeping on a*  
Give way to these white hands, these jealouseyes, *Bed.*  
Sharpe knife prepar'd for a red sacrifice;  
Bright lampe conduct me to my love or hate,  
Make mee this night blest, or infortunate:  
Wonderous amazement! what doe I behold?  
A Bow and quiver, these shafts tip'd with gold,  
With silver this; this sluggish arrowes head,  
Is like my heaue heart, compos'd of lead;

## Loves Maistris.

Such weapons ~~Cubers~~ Some doth beare,  
~~Pfiche~~ were happy if this ~~Cupid~~ were;  
Malitious sisters, I your enuy see,  
This is no serpent, but a Deitie:

What pretty loves, like silken slumbers lie,  
Closing the covers of each Christall eye;  
Hence thou prepared instrument of death,  
Whilst ~~Pfiche~~ sucks new life from his sweete breath:  
Churle beauty, beauntions nigard, thus he chide,  
Why did'st thou from mine eyes this glory hide?  
Ah mee, thou envious light, what hast thou done?

~~Cup.~~ Immortall powers, oh succour ~~Venus~~ Sonne:  
What hellish hagg hath drop't this scalding oyle  
On Loves Caelestiall shape?

~~Pf.~~ 'Twas ~~Pfiches~~ hand.

~~Cup.~~ How durst thou violate my dread command?  
~~Venus~~ my Mother, bid mee make thee doate  
On some base groome; and I left her and heaven,  
And with mine owne darts wounded mine owne brest;  
For all these favours, wouldst thou murder mee?

~~Pf.~~ Let my weake sex pleade for my great offence.

~~Cup.~~ No, for thy sake, this plague pursue thy sex;  
You shall have appetites, and hot desires,  
Which though suppli'd, shall nere be satisfied;  
You shall be still rebellious, like the Sea,  
And like the windes inconstant; things forbid  
You most shall covet, loath what you should like;  
You shall be wise in wishes, but enjoying,  
Shall venture heavens losse for a little toying:  
Ho Zephirus.

Enter

## Loves Mistrie.

*Enter Zephrus.*

*Pfi.* What will my deare love doe?

*Cap.* Hence, touch me not, Ile be no more thy love:  
Discharge my seruants from this fairy vail,  
Religne thy office to the boyfroun North,  
Bid famine ride upon his frozen wings,  
Till they be blasted with his poysonous breath;  
Musicke, be turn'd to horror, smiles to teares,  
Pleasures to shriekes, felicitie to feares.

*Pfi.* Why doe you plague the place for my offence?

*Cap.* Why for thy sisters sake sought'st thou my hate?  
But I will bee reveng'd on them and thee,  
On them, for thy sake, on thy selfe, for mee.

*Pfi.* For pittie beate poore *Pfiche*.

*Cap.* Noe, away.

*Pfi.* I have no way but yours; which way you flie,  
Ile hang upon your wings, or fall, and die.

*Cap.* Soone shalt thou leave thy hold; run *Zephrus*,

*A storme. Enter Boreus.*

Fetch *Boreus* — Art thou come my *Aquilon*?

*Boreus*, I charge thee by *Orishans* love,

Lay waste and barren this faire flowrie grove,

And make this Paradise a den of snakes;

For I will have it uglier then hell,

And none but gastly shrietch-owles heere shall dwell;

Breath winters stormes upon the blushing cheekes

Of beauntious *Pfiche*, with thy boyfroun breath,

Rend off her filkes, and cloathe her in torne raggs;



## *Loves Mistress.*

Hang on her loath'd locks base deformity,  
And beare her to her father, leave her there,  
Barren of comfort, great with child of feare;  
*Pfiche* farewell, whil'st thou with woes art crown'd,  
I must goe gather helpes to cure my wound. *Exit.*

*Pfi.* With woes indeede; those wretches live in woe,  
Whom love forsakes, and *Pfiche* must doe so.

*Exeunt. With a great Storme.*

*Enter Clowne, Amarillis, and Swaines.*

*Clo.* Doe you heare the news, you annimalls?

1. *Swa.* Is it worth the hearing?

*Clo.* A question well ask'd, for it is musicall news, and therefore worrh your eares: *Apollo* being call'd by *Venus* from heaven, hath ever since kept *Admetus* his sheepe, with whom *Pan* meeting, they fell in contention, whether his Pipe or *Apollos* Harpe could yeeld the better Musicke, and which withall could sing the best; come then my sweete *Amarillis*, and take thy place amongst the rest, for this is the day of the tryall, and amongst others, I heard my father *Midas* say, that all other businesse set a part, he would be at it; but there is one mischiefe late happened.

2. *Swa.* What's that I prithe?

*Clo.* *Pan* hath got a could, is hoarse, and hath lost his voice, and therefore hath chose mee to sing in his place; and *Phaebus*, because hee will take no advantage, hath pick'd out one of his Pages to doe the like for him; therefore come, make a lane, for by this time they are upon their enterance.

1. *Swaine.*



## Loves Mistress.

1. *Swaine*. But is it possible, that *Pans* Pipe dare contend with *Apolloes* Harpe?

*Clo*. Yes that it is possible, blind harper, and that my winde-pipe shall proove; make roome, and get you all out of the lists save I, that am to be one of the combatants

*A Flourish*. Enter *Apollo*, *Pan*, *Admetus*, *Petrea*,  
*Astioche*, their two husbands, and *Midas*.

*Pan*. Who shall be Iudge?

*Apo*. *Admetus*.

*Ad*. Sacred *Apollo*, great *Pan* pardon mee;  
It is a cunning much beyond my skill,  
Therefore I humbly crave to be excus'd.

*Apol*. *Admetus*, for thy hospitallity,  
*Phæbus* will be thy friend, and gives thee leave  
In this to use thy pleasure.

*Pan*. What thinks *Phæbus*  
Of *Midas*, once of men, now King of beasts.

*Apol*. No better man, so please him undertake it.

*Mid*. Yes *Phæbus*, *Midas* will, and though poore *Marsias*,  
For striving with thee had his skin pull'd off,  
Yet have wee Swaines, and some too not farre off,  
I could have said, some neere to mee in blood,  
Can tickle you for a tone.

*Clo*. Meaning mee, and I will set out a throate.

*Apol*. Is this thy champion?

*Pan*. Yes, and who's for thee?

*Apol*. One of my minutes, houres, dayes, weekes, or months,  
Or yeeres, or seasons, that still waite on us,

And

## Loves Mistress.

And have done ever since the first of time;  
Not one can come amisse.

*Mi.* Who shall begin?

*Ad.* Most voices.

*All.* Apollo, Apollo.

*Clo.* No matter tho' his Champion begin, let mee alone to  
come up with the Catastrophic.

*All.* Silence, Silence.

## SONG.

Phœbus unto thee wee sing,  
Oh thou great Idalian king:  
Thou the God of Physick art,  
Of Poetry, and Archery;  
Wee sing unto thee with a heart,  
Devoted to thy deity:  
All bright glory crowne thy head,  
Thou sovereigne of all Pity,  
Whose golden beames and rays are shed  
As well upon the poore as rich,  
For thou alike regardest each;  
Phœbus unto thee wee sing,  
Oh thou great Idalian king.

*M.* I marry, this was some what to the purpose;  
I needs must say 'twas pretty, but god Pas,

Now

## Love's Mistrie

- Now let us heare your Champion!

*Pan, Come stand forth?*

### SONG.

Clow. Thou that art call'd the brichte Hiperion,  
wer'e thou more strong then Spanish Gerion,  
That had three heads upon one man,  
Compare not with our great god Pan;

They call thee Sonnenf brichte Latona,  
But girt thee in thy corrid amon,  
Sweate, baste, and broyle, as bust thou can,  
Thou art not like our Dripping Pan.

What cares hee for the great god Neptune,  
with all the breath that hee is kept in;  
Vulcan or Ioue hee scornes to hom to,  
To Hermes, or the infernall Pluto.

Then thou that art the heavens bright eye,  
Or burne, or scorch, or boyle, or fry,  
Bee thou god, or bee thou man,  
Thou art not like our Frying Pan.

They call thee Phoebeus, god of day,  
Teeres months, weekes houres, of March and May;  
Bring up thy army in the van,  
wee'le meete thee with our Pudding Pan.

G

Thy

## Loves Mistris.

Thy selfe in thy bright Charriot settle,  
With Skillet arm'd, Brasse-pot, or Kettle,  
With Iugg, Black-pot, with Glasse, or Can,  
No talking to our Warming Pan.

Thou hast thy beames, thy browes so deck,  
Thou hast thy Daphne at thy beck;  
Pan hath his hornes, Sirenix, and Phillis,  
And I Pans Swaine, my Amarillis.

*Ad.* You *Midd* have heard both; these onely waite  
Your just and upright sentence.

*Mi.* Is *Phœbus* pleased.

*Ap.* Pleased.

*Mi.* And is *Pan* content:

*Pan.* Content.

*Clow.* Now if my father can but censure as well as I sing, the  
towne's ours.

*Mi.* Yes *Sonne*, I can, and that most learnedly:

Thy Harpe to Pans Pipe, yeeld god *Phœbus*,  
For 'tis not now as in *Diebus*  
*Illis*, Pan all the yeere wee follow,  
But *semel in anno* ridet *Apollo*,  
Thy quirester cannot come neere  
The voice of this our *Chanticleere*,  
Then leave off these thy burning rayes,  
And give to Pan the Prick and prayse,  
Thy colour change, looke pale and wan,  
In honour of the great god Pan.

*All.*



## Loves Mistress.

*All.* A sentence, a sentence, a *Pan*, a *Pan*.

*Apol.* Henceforth be all your rurall musicke such,  
Made out of Tinkers, Pans, and Kettle-drummes;  
And never hence-foorth may your fields bee grac'd  
With the sweete musick of *Apollas* lyre:

*Midas* for thee, may thy eares longer grow,  
As shorter still thy judgement, dulnesse, and dotage,  
Bee onely govern'd with those reverend haire;  
Let all like thee, that as they grow in time,  
Decay in knowledge, have that old mans curse,  
To be twice Children: for thy squeaking sonne,  
May all thy state thou leav'st him at thy death,  
Bee to sing Ballets through *Areadia*,  
And them to the like tunes; fare-well *Admetus*,  
My musicke lives unquestion'd, what's amisse  
Is not in us, but in their ignorance;  
Thus undisparag'd, *Phabus* leaves the place,  
And with them to succession, my disgrace.

*Exit.*

*Ad.* *Phabus* is gone displeas'd.

*Pan.* Still may he be so.

*Mi.* *Midas* I'me sure has judg'd with equitie.

*A Storme. Enter Psiche and Boreas.*

*Clo.* But see father, see god *Pan*, if in revenge, he hath not sent  
a blustering wind to blow us all hence; 'tis *Boreas*, 'tis *Boreas*.

*Pan.* Come *Midas*, come Swaines, till this storme be past,  
Let us away to shelter.

*Exeunt.*

*Ps.* Where art thou *Psiche*, how art thou deform'd?  
What ayre affords thee breath? what men be these?  
Where shall I hid mee; let no humane eye

## Loves Misfits.

Behold mee thus disfigured, and sham'd:  
My Father, Brothers, and my Sisters too,  
That wrought my fall, what shall poore *Psiche* doe?

*Ad.* What bare anatomy of griefe is this,  
That glads mine eare with sound of *Psiche* name?

*Pfi.* 'Tis her owne tongue, the herald of her shame;  
Father *Admetus*, Sisters pittie mee.

*Ad.* Thou art no child of mine.

*Afsi.* Spurne her away,  
'Tis some infectious strumpet, and her breath  
Will blast our charkes; her sight is worse then death.

*Pfi.* I did not use you thus, nor spurne you backe,  
When on the nimble wings of *Zephyrus*  
You were transported into *Cypids* vail;  
Your entertainment then deserv'd more right,  
Then like a dogge, thus spurne mee from your sight,  
Sisters.

*Petr.* Out hagge, wee scorn thy sisterhood.

*Pfi.* You scorn mee too, nay then at last I see,  
Pride will not looke on base deformity:

Father *Admetus*, pittie wretched *Psiche*. *Knobs.*

*Ad.* Out Impudence; If once againe thy tongue  
Mangle the reputation of my girls,  
Ile have it straight torne out, hence with th' impostor.

*Pfi.* V'l'd like a dogge, and by a fathers doome,  
Dragg'd from his presence, how am I transform'd?  
Ile try my Brothers next upon my knees.

*Zelo.* Depart the place, for mee, I know thee not.

*Pfi.* Oh mee, how quickly wretches are forgot?

*Me.* Wretch, away.

*Psiche.*

## Lover's Misfire.

*Psi.* Away, all cry away,

Baseness and Pride in one place cannot stay :

*Astioche*, kind sister, for old loves,

Resolve my father that I am his child :

Put him in mind of *Phabus* oracle,

And leaving mee upon the hyrcan rocks :

Remember how you came unto my bowers,

And how my servants fill'd your lapps with gold ;

And last, remember how by your advice,

I made attempt to strike my husband dead,

As hee was sleeping, doe you know me now ?

Thence grew my misery.

*Asti.* Yes foole, and my great heart

Ioyes in thy fall : and father: now I better

Suruey her, my mind gives mee this is *Pysche*.

*Petr.* I am of her thought too, and yet much wonder,

How such a beauty should be so deform'd.

*Ad.* None shall perswade me to 't, since none of mine

That tells mee I have any part in her.

*Reverend.* Cupid disbands.

*Cup.* *Admetus* say, chide thy conceit, it offends  
wrong to thy daughter *Pysche*.

*Psi.* Oh what heavenly tongue

Will once vouchsafe to sound *Pysche's* name,

Turne with disgrace, doubly expos'd to shame.

*Cup.* *Pysche*, his tongue, whose charge had 't then they'd.

Thy prosperous fate had not beene so betray'd :

Nor hadst thou bin a subject to that shame

## Loves Mistris.

Which now attends thee ?

*Psi.* *Cupid*, my deare lord,  
Pardon my guilt, have pittie on my sorrow ?

*Cup.* I cannot, no I dare not, heaven, and earth,  
The destinies, and all th' Immortall powers,  
Have with the yron pen of Fate, writ downe  
Thy certaine paine; did I not give thee charge,  
To taste the pleasures of Immortall love,  
But not to wade too deepe in mistery ?

Could not my heavenly company suffice  
To cheere the soule ? but thou with earthly eyes  
Must see my face; and view my reall beauty,  
Against my charge, thy love, and humane duty.

*Psi.* I doe intreate.

*Cup.* Arise, kneele not to mee;  
But thanke thy sisters, they apparrell'd thee  
In that distractfull shape; *Psiche* farewell,  
He mourne in heaven, to see thy paines in hell.

*Cupid ascends.*

*Ad.* Poore miserable child; in stead of teares,  
My heart weepes blood; I am confounded quite :  
I have three daughters, thou of all the rest,  
Had'st in my true conceptions greatest share,  
For which, I call'd thee *Psiche*, that's the soule,  
For as my soule I lov'd thee ; now I abjure  
All interest in thy birth ; hence from my Court ?  
My hand shall nere lay blessing on thy head,  
Nor my tongue grace thee with a daughters name,  
Thou art not mine, but the base birth of shame.

*Psi.* Oh whether shall a wretch convert her eyes,

When



## Loves Mistris.

When her owne father shall her teares despise?

*Enter Mercury.*

*Mer.* Attend *Arcadians*,

The Paoclamation of the *Paphian* Queene.

*Ad.* When *Hermes* speakes, wee are bound to all attendance.

*Mer.* Oh yes, If any can bring *Psiche* unto *Venus*——

*Asti.* *Psiche* whom you are sent to seeke, stands there.

*Mer.* Then heere ends *Mercuries* Commission:

*Psiche*, in *Venus* name, I doe arrest thee,

For wrongs to her and *Cupid*.

*Psi.* I obey

Your high arrest, and with an humble suite,

Prostrate my selfe to *Cerberias* wrath;

Where's angry *Venus*?

*Mer.* Franticke in this grove,

Mourning *Adonis* death,— and heere shee coms.

*Enter Venus.*

*Ven.* Accursed bow, why did'st thou not defend him?

Hee shall not die, *Adonis* still shall live;

*Apollo*, gentle *Phœbus* mount thy Charriot,

And in his co'd brest breath Caelestiall fire,

For all earths simples cannot cure his wound;

Or if hee must expire, command the *Muses*

To give my love Immortall memory:

Hast thou found *Psiche*? oh that in this rage,

I could but now forget her.

*Mer.* See where shee stands,

With.

## Love's Mistress.

With downe-cast eyes, and weak up-heaved hands.

*Ven.* Lust of my height, my state, and proportion;  
And were her pristine beauty lent her backe,  
Might in the rabbles judgement rivall mee:  
Strumpet, prophaner of our sacred rights,  
How hast thou wrong'd mee, and abus'd my sonne?  
By ayming at my honour, and his life.

*Psi.* Dread *Paphian* Queene, for lovely *Cupids* sake,  
And this rich burthen in my wretched wombo,  
Pitty poore *Psiche*.

*Ven.* Hast thou plaid the strumpet,  
And for thy sinnes sake must I pardon thee?  
No, that alone hath made me mercilesse,

*Psi.* Helpe mee deare Father, sisters, *Mercury*.

*Ad.* I dare not speake for thee.

*Asti.* Nor I.

*Petr.* Nor I.

*Psi.* Poore *Psiche*, borne unto aduersity.

*Mer.* Bee not so bitter Madam, for his sake,  
By whom you are made a grandam.

*Ven.* I prove a grandame to a strumpets brat;  
Goe *Mercury*, and from some Garner fetch  
Five measures of five severall sorts of graine;  
Dispatch it *Hermes*.

*Mer.* What will *Venus* doe?

*Ven.* Thou shalt know better when thou back return'st:

*Exit. Mercury.*

You are young *Venus*, and the Queene of Love,  
That had th'ambition to be *Cupids* wife,  
And marry with a god; Ho *Boreas*,

Since

## Loves Mistris.

Since *Mercury* is slack in his returne,  
Winde her inticing locks about thy arme,  
And tossing her loose carcasse in the ayre,  
Fling it into the bosome of some storme,  
And grind her bones to powder in the fall.

*Psi.* Pitty me *Venus*, Father pleade for mee.

*Enter Mercury with graine.*

*Ven.* 'Tis well done *Hermes*, hast thou brought the graine?

*Mer.* Madam I have.

*Ven.* Then minion, heere's your taske,  
Looke on all these; see, thus I mingle them.

*Psi.* And what must miserable *Pfiche* doe?

*Ven.* To severall heapes, with thine owne hands divide  
Each severall seede ere the Sun kisse the West,  
Or looke for death; goe, and when that is done,  
He ride to *Paphos* and enlarge my sonne,  
Whom yet I keepe close Prisoner in my closet. *Exit.*

*Ad.* *Pfiche* adieu, none can reverse thy doome.

*Ast.* Not I.

*Mene.* Nor wee.

*Exit. all but Mer. and Psi.*

*Psi.* I wish the earth my tombe.

*Mer.* Take patience *Pfiche*, and be comforted.

*Psi.* Comfort, alas what comfort can shee find,  
Whose father and deare friends prove so unkind.

*Mer.* For *Cupids* sake, who for thy love, now weares  
A paire of golden shackles on his heeles:  
This *Mercury* will doe, flie hence to *Phaphos*,

H

And

## *Loves Mistris.*

And fetch him from his late imprisonment,  
Then tell him of his mothers tyranie,  
That done, wee two will teach thee without paine,  
In severall heapes how to devide this graine.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Midas and Apulejus.*

*Mi.* And where have I beene think'st thou *Apulejus* ?  
Did'st thou not misse mee ?

*Ap.* Yes, I did not sleepe, as thou did'st in thy judgement.

*Mi.* Then I perc.ive,  
Thou know'st how I maintain'd our rurall musicke,  
Preferring it before *Apollos* harpe.

*Mi.* Yes, and by that inferre, thou art all earthie,  
Nothing Czelestiall in thee.

*Mi.* All's one for that; now for your mortall.

*Ap.* Wil't thou stay it out ?

*Mi.* No, 'tis too dull,  
Vnlesse thou'lt quicken me with some conceit,  
Thy *Psiches* sadnesse hath made me so heany,  
That *Morpheus* steales upon mee.

*Ap.* What wouldst thou seee ?

*Mi.* Thy little *Cupid* I like pretty well,  
And would see some-thing else what hee can doe,  
More then belongs to *Psiche*.

*Ap.* Well, to kepe thee awake,  
He shew thee now *Loves Contrarieties*,  
Which was more then my promise.

A DANCE.



# *Loves Mistris.*

## A D A N C E.

*Enter a King and a Begger, a Young-man and an Old woman, a Leane man, a Fat woman. Dance, & Exit.*

*Mi.* I marry, this was somewhat like indeede;  
Heere's young and old; heere's fat and leane; the begger and the  
Love hath power over all. (Kipg;

But to your morrall now; why comes your *Psiche*  
With a sharpe Rayser, and a burning Lampe,  
To murder *Cupid*; then hee wakes and chafes,  
And flings house ont at windowes, was't not so?

*Ap.* He tell thee; shee charm'd by her sisters tongues,  
Thinks her faire love a serpent, and growne mad,  
Would murder *Cupid*, teare even *Love* from heaven;  
Yet note the greatnesse of Caelestiall mercy;  
One glimpse, one lampe, one sparke, one devine thought  
Plucks backe her arme, and more inflames her brest  
With amorous raptures; but because poore soule,  
Shee aym'd to search forbidden mysteries,  
Her eyes are blasted, *Cupid* loathes her sight,  
Hee leaves her ugly, and his blessed bower  
Is rent in pieces; For heaven seemes to fall  
When our poore soules turne diabollicall.

*Mi.* For that 'twixt *Pan* and *Phaon*, I know best,  
For I was there an umpire; but resolve mee;  
Why left he *Psiche* when shee lost his love,  
Yet mourn'd when shee was left of all her friends.

*Ap.* All bid the wretched soule run to despaire,  
When leproous sinne deforms her, but even then,

## Love's Mistress.

When the gods hate her? when shee's scorn'd of men?  
*Cupid* hangs in the ayre; his divine eyes  
Shed teares for her, comforts her miseries.

*Mi.* Yet hee forsooke her too.

*Ap.* Till *Psiche* bee made faire and angel-white,  
Shee's not to stand in *Cupid's* glorious fight.

*Mi.* Well, I am answer'd.

*Ap.* And for thy part *Midas*,  
Laugh, sleepe, or flowte, nay snarle, and cavell too;  
Which none of these heere met I hope will doe.

*Exeunt.*

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## ACT. III. SCENE. I.

*Enter Vulcan.*

*Vul.* **W** Ithin there, ho *Pirackman*, when you knave?  
Take in *Idonis* quiver, and his bow,  
And hang them up in *Venus* armory,  
By *Mars* his gantlet, and *Achilles* sword:  
Ha ha ha, I laugh untill my sides be sore,  
For joy that my Wives dandiprat is dead;  
And my now *Ciclops* lay't on lustily;  
There's halfe a-hundred Thunder-boults bespoake,  
Which argues that the World is full of sinne;  
*Neptune* hath broke his Mace, and *Junios* Coach  
Must bee new mended, and the hind-most wheelles  
Must have two spoakes set in; *Phabus* fore-horse

Must

## Loves Mistress.

Must have two new-shoes, call'd, and one remove ;  
*Pans* Sheepe-hooke must be mended shortly too,  
Plie it of all hands, wee have much to doe.

I. *Ciclop*, from within.

*Ci.* Master, heere 's one of *Ceres* husband-men  
Would have a Plough-share, and a Sith new ground.  
*Vul.* New ground, new halter'd, hee shall stay his turne ;  
Wee shall deceive the gods and goddesses,  
For a plow-jogging hinde.

2. *Ci.* Heere's *Mercury* to have his *Caduceus* mended.

*Vul.* Hee shall stay.

3. *Ci.* Heere 's *Ganimes*,

To have his masters hunting-nagge new shod;  
And *Mars* his lackie, with a broken gorget.

4. *Ci.* And heere 's a clowne for hob-nailes.

*Vul.* Heere 's the devill and all ;

What would they have me doe ? I royle and moyle  
Worse then a mill-horse, scarce have slept a minute  
This fortnight, and odd dayes; I have not time  
To sit and eate; but Ile give over all,  
And live upon my wife, as others doe ;  
They say shee hath good takings; ere Ile endure it,  
I will doe any thing; when I was made a Smith,  
Would I had beene a Bare-ward.

4. *Ci.* What shall wee doe first ?

*Vul.* Why first go hang your selues :

I keepe a douzen Iourney-men at least,  
Besides my *Ciclops* and my Prentises,

## Loves Mistris.

Yet 'twill not fadge; I thinke my little boy  
*Cupid* must blow the bellowes, and my Wife  
*Venus* must leave her trade, and turne shee-smith,  
Yet 'twould scarce quit the cost; shee'd spend mee more  
In Nectar, and sweets-balls to scowre her cheekes,  
Smudg'd and besmeer'd with co'e-dust and with smoake,  
Then all her worke would come to;  
But soft, what shackled run-away is this?

*Enter Cupid in fetters.*

Why how now *Cupid*?

*Cup.* Crawling softly to you,  
You are my dad, and I am come to see you.

*Vul.* How came you out of credit with your Mother?

*Cup.* Aske mee how I crept into credit rather,  
For doe you see sir; thus the matter stands,  
I am indebted, and thus enter'd bands  
To be forth-comming.

*Vul.* Y'are a young whore-master; about your wench,  
I have heard all; but where's your Mother now?

*Cup.* Binding up *Miriles* for *Adonis* tombe,  
Whom shee hath now turn'd to a *Hiacnith*?

*Vul.* And what's become of *Psiche*, where is shee?

*Cup.* I parted but even now with *Mercury*,  
Who told me that my Mother had enjoin'd her  
To part five measures of commixed graine  
Into five heapes, which seem'd impossible;  
But hee and I, sent forth the toyling Ants,  
Who like so many earnest labourers,

Did



## *Loves Mistress.*

Did it with ease, for they were numberlesse;  
Then with his cunning, having pick'd the locke  
Of *Venus* Closet doore, hee set mee free,  
And I am come deare father, to intreate,  
To file off these my boults.

*Vul.* *Cupid* I dare not, *Venus* gave me charge,  
Not to take off thy shackles.

*Cup.* Father, sweete Hony sugar-candy dad,  
Indeede,indeede,you shall.

*Vul.* This cologing wagge  
Will not be answered: come, set up your legge;  
*Venus* will sole mee by the cares for this.

*Cup.* No, no, I warrant you.

*Enter Psiche with a Violl.*

*Vul.* So, now 'tis done, th'art free; — but who comes here?  
Shee's angry sure, for see how big shee lookes;  
What a great breadth she beares; me-thinks a woman  
Becomes no ornaments shee weares, so well  
As a great-belly; therefore 'tis much pittie,  
They should want things, to make them looke so prittie.

*Pf.* Vnhappy *Psiche*, *Venus* most obdure,  
And never satiate with my endlesse cares,  
When by the helpe of silly labouring Ants,  
I had ended the first taske, her cruelty  
Binds mee to worse disaster.

*Cup.* Once my Love,  
Had'st thou beene true to *Cupid*, not the least

OF

## *Loves Mistrie.*

Of all these evils had assaulted thee;  
And till my mothers anger bee appeas'd,  
I dare doe nothing; Yet for our first loves sake,  
Make me acquainted with thy second taske,  
And as I may be sure, Ile further it.

*Psf.* Let my lipps kisse this earth whereon you treade,  
In low submission; for her late injunctiō,  
Transcends all humane possibillitie:  
This Violl I must fill at that spring-head,  
From whence *Cocitus* flowes, that fearefull streame,  
Which feedes the river *Stix*.

*Cup.* Be advis'd by mee,  
Not farre from *Tenerus*, whose barren topp  
Is crown'd with clouds of smoake, there lies a meade,  
Ore-growne with Oriers, Bryars, and Sicamors,  
In this *Loves* Eagle (on whose duskie wings,  
*Ganimed* flew to heaven) obscures himselfe  
From Iealous *Innoes* wrath; enquire him out,  
Tell him thy grieffe, and that thou cam'st from mee,  
From this hard taske hee will deliver thee.

*Psf.* Thanks glorious deitie, upon my knees  
Prest downe with this rich burthen of thy love,  
I begg that you will mediate 'twixt my errors,  
And your sterne mothers wrath.

*Cup.* Well get the gone,  
'Tis I will front her indignation.

*Exit. Psiche.*

*Enter Pan, and Venus.*

*Pan.* This way he ran with shackles on his heeles,

And

## Loves Mistris.

And said hee would to *Vulcan* : oh but see  
Where hee stands cogging with him.

*Ven.* Now you run-away,  
You disobedient, thou unhappy wagg,  
Where be the golden-fetters I left you bound in?

*Cup.* True, for my good behaviour, but you see  
My bands are cancell'd, and your sonne set free.

*Ven.* Ile whip you for 't with nettles steep't in wine.

*Cup.* So you'l nettle mee, and I must smart for 't;  
But when your owne flames burne, and you desire  
With him, or him, to glut your appetite,  
Then gentle *Cupid*, then, my prittie sonne,  
My love, my deare, my darling, and what not,  
Till you have had your will.

*Ven.* With his flattering tongue,  
Hee still prevents my anger : but for thee,  
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape;  
I thought, great foole, you durst not harbor him.

*Vul.* No more I did, sweete wife. (hee hath done,

*Cup.* Sweet mother Queene, busse my black dad for all that  
Was love to you, and kindnesse to your sonne.

*Vul.* Speake for me *Pan*, as ere thou hop' st to have  
Thy broken hoke well mended.

*Pan.* When, canst tell?  
I tell thee, I must first have besides that,  
A douzen of Branding-irons to marke my flocke,  
(The time drawes neere, sheepe-shearing is at hand )  
Besides, two of my Satirs falling out  
About a Lambe, one of them burst his horne,  
It must be tip'd too; thou art well acquainted

I

With

## Loves Mistris.

With tipping hornes.

*Vul.* Ha, hornes, with hornes, how 's that ?

*Pan.* Nay, aske your Wife, I cannot speake of hornes,  
But still you take the last word to your selfe,  
For *Venus* makes, and *Vulcan* weares,  
And *Vulcan* takes, and *Venus* beares.

*Vul.* Vulcan weare hornes?

*Ven.* No sweet-heart, you mistake,

*Pan* is the forked god, with hornes was borne,  
And ever since, his tongue runs of the horne.

*Pan.* Speake shall I have my Sheepe-hooke, and those Irons?

*Vul.* Yes *Pan*, you shall,

But yet those hornes have stricke deepe to my heart.

*Pan.* Take heede they grow not upward to your head,  
And tipping hornes, your browes weare hornes indeede :

### Enter Psiche.

But who comes heere? *Vulcan* is this your wench?  
T'hadst best looke to him *Venus*.

*Psi.* Like your obedient servant, that layes downe  
Her life and labour at her Mistris feete,  
So comes poore *Psiche*, held betweene the armes  
Of feare and duty; feare dishartning mee,  
Would pluck me back, but duty being more strong,  
Bids me goe forward, bending my weake knee  
Before the Shrine of sacred Maiestie ;

Accept my service, who to gaine your grace,  
— Would yeeld my selfe to ashie death's imbrace.

*Ven.* Is this that water of th' Infernall lake ?

*Psiche.*



## Loves Mistress.

*Psi.* This is that water, whose infectious torrent  
Runs from *Cocytus*, into *Elegison*,  
Infernall *Stix*, and the blacke *Acheron*,  
Deare goddesse.

*Ven.* Art thou not a fawning counterfeite?  
First I imploy'd thee to divide my graine,  
A taske impossible for mortall hands,  
This second as more hard, and yet 'tis done;  
Thou work'st by sorcery; but no damn'd spell  
Shall keepe mee from my wrath, thy soule from hell.

*Vul. Venus*, sweete mouse, nay prithee doe not chide,  
Forgive, as I forgive thee.

*Ven.* Polt-foote, peace.

*Cup.* Sweete Mother, let your ire be mollified,  
Since for her fault she hath endur'd this paine,  
Bannish all hate, and make her blest againe.

*Ven.* Againe I charge thee not to speake for her:  
Once more Ile try thee further, since thy heart  
Is wedded to such hellish sorcery;  
Hye to *Proserpina*, the black-brow'd Queene,  
Ile send thee on my embassie to hell,  
Tell her that sicknesse, with her ashie hand,  
Hath swept away the beauty from my cheekes,  
And I desire her send me some others;  
Fetch me a box of beauty then from hell,  
That's thy last labour, urge not a replie,  
Doe my command and live, refuse, and die.

*Cup.* For my sake, my best Mother, pittie her.

*Ven.* For thee I hate her, and for her hate thee.

*Pan.* Nay gentle *Venus*, be more mercifull,

## Loves Mistress.

For her great-bellies sake.

*Ven.* For that alone,

Ile hate you all, till shee be fled and gone.

*Psi.* Then goe I must, and going, nere returne ;  
Oh *Cupid*, my inconstancy to thee,  
Is cause of this my endlesse misery.

*Cup.* With-draw thee *Psiche* till the rest be gone,  
Anon Ile speake with thee. *Exit. Psiche.*

*Enter Mercury.*

*Mer.* *Venus*, *Vulcan*, *Cupid*, and god *Pan*,  
I summon you to appeare at *Ceres* plaine,  
To entertaine the faire *Proserpina*,  
For whom I now am sent ; I must to hell  
About *Loves* embassie, *Venus* farewell. *Exit.*

*Ven.* *Hermes* farewell, wee'le meete at *Ceres* plentious Court :  
Come *Cupid*, follow mee.

*Pan.* *Vulcan* cannot goe.

*Vul.* Yes, but 'tis best to keepe behind a shrew.

*Pan.* Then put her in before, on *Venus*, goe. *Ex. all but Cup.*

*Cup.* *Psiche* approach, but doe not come too neere,  
That pride thou hast already bought too deere.

*Enter Psiche.*

*Psi.* Oh pittie *Psiche*, shee is sent to hell.

*Cup.* It is the sound of hell wakes pitties eye,  
Else I had left thee to more misery ;

My

## Love's Mistress.

My loves not done, though thou art quite undone,  
Vnlesse I arme thee 'gainst the darts of death,  
Which hell aimes at thee.

*Pf.* Let thy sacred breath——

*Cup.* Wound me no more with words, for they but grieve me;  
Now marke what on thy Iourney must relieve thee:  
First, high thee to the bancks of *Acheron*,  
Thou can'st not misse the way, 'tis broad, and worne  
With trampling of Ten thousand passengers,  
There shall thou find hells churlish Ferry-man,  
His name is *Charon*, ther's to pay his hire,  
Take heede thou loose it not, for doing so,  
Hee'le beate, and leave thee on the shore of woe;  
Being ferried over, thou shalt spie hell gates,  
Thou need'st not knocke, they are open night and day,  
Give *Cerberus* a sop, and passe away.

*Pf.* And what's that *Cerberus*.

*Cup.* Porter of hell,  
Who must at thy returne be haib'd againe;  
My great desire to helpe thee, hinders thee,  
I should have told thee when in *Charon's* barge,  
Thou art wafting ore the dreadfull waves of *Six*,  
An aged man, with a pale countenance,  
His name's *Oblivion*, swimming in the flood,  
Will beave his wither'd armes, and cry, helpe, helpe,  
Save mee from drowning; stretch not forth thy hand,  
For if thou dost, thou nere return'st to shore,  
Thou wilt forget my love, see mee no more.

*Pf.* Ile stop mine eares against *Oblivion's* cry.

*Cup.* Being landed, thou shalt see old wrinkled hagg,

## *Loves Mistris.*

Spinning black threds, whil'ft folly reeles them up;  
Hee will let fall his reele, and pray thee reach it,  
But stoope not; they will likewise beckon thee  
To sit downe by them; but to spinne a thread  
Take heed, doing so, from mee thou art banished.

*Psi.* Ile shun their baltes.

*Cup.* Being enter'd *Plutoes* Court,  
They all will tice thee with a thousand traines,  
Shun all, and neither sit, nor eate with them,  
Onely deliver what thou art enioyn'd,  
Receive the boxe of beauty and be gon,  
Which still keepe shut, let not thy daring eye  
Behold the wealth that in the boxe doth lie.

*Psi.* Dread *Cupid*—

*Cup.* Now fare-well, had'st thou but obey'd mee,  
Thy face had still bin lovely, and mine eye  
Doated on thee with heavenly Iealousie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Clowne and Swaines.*

1. *Swa.* And what dost thou thinke of *Cupid* now?

*Clo.* Doe not thinke I am so stupid,  
But to thinke well of great god *Cupid*.

2. *Swai.* And what of Poets.

*Clo.* As Poets, as of Potentates, for since I plaid the last  
prize against *Phaebus*, in which I may say of my selfe, *veni, vidi*  
*vici*; I have beene so troubled with a Poeticall itch, that I can  
scratch you out Rimes, and Ballats, Songs, and Sonnetts,  
Oades, and Madrigalls, till they bleede againe.

1. *Swai.* Then thou art reconcil'd to *Homer*.

*Clowne.*



## Loves Mistris.

*Clo.* Homer was Honourable, *Hesiod* Heroicall, *Virgil* a Vicegerent, *Naso* Notorious, *Martiall* a Provost, *Inuimall* a Ioviall lad, and *Perfius* a Paramount; what doe I thinke of Poetry? of which my selfe am a profess member.

2. *Swai.* And may be very well spar'd, and yet the body never the worse, but thou may'st see what becoms of rayling against *Cupid*, what a sweete Mistris hee hath put upon thee?

*Clo.* Who; my *Amarillis*.

1. *Swai.* Yes, the veriest dowdy in all *Arcadia*, even *Mopsa* compar'd with her, shewes like a Madam; first she's old —

*Clo.* It was very well said, to say first, because shee was before us, and for being old, is not age reverend? and therefore in mine eyes shee's honourable. 1. *Swai.* And wrinkled.

*Clo.* Is't not the fashion; doe not our Gentiles weare their haire crisped, the Nymphs their gownes pleated, and the Fawns their stockings, for the more grace, wrinckled; doth not the earth shew well when 'tis plowed, and the land best when it lies in furrwes.

1. *Swai.* Besides, shee hath a horrible long nose.

*Clo.* That's to defend her lipps, but thou sinnest to fence, and renegade to reason, dost thou blame length in any thing? dost thou not wish thy life long, and know'st thou not that Truth comes out at length; When all our joyes are gone and past, doth not Long look'd for, come at last; If any of our Nymphs be wrong'd, will shee not say, 'tis Long of mee, 'tis Long of thee, or Long of him; If they buy any commodity by the yard, doe they not wish it long; your Advocate wishes to have a law suite hang Long; And the poore client, bee his cloake never so short, and thread-bare, yet would be glad to weare it longer. No married man, but doth his wife much wrong,

Tho'

## *Loves Mistress.*

Tho' hee himselfe be short, to have nothing long.

2. *Swa.* The short and the long our is, shee's an ugly creature, make of her what thou can'st.

*Clp.* Make of her what I can ; oh that all, or any of you could like mee, looke upon her with the eyes of Poetry, I would then let you know what I have made of her.

1. *Swa.* Prithee let's hear 't.

*Clow.* Then listen hither, oh you Lamps of ignorance ;

*Oh tell mee, have you ever seene,  
Since you were borne unto this day,  
Which is long since, a wit so Greene,  
And cover'd with a head so gray.*

*To praise her still, my Muses will is,  
Although therein I have no cunning,  
Yet is the nose of Amarillis  
Like to a Cock, long, and still running.*

*Her eyes, though dimme, to seeme cleere,  
And they of Rheume can well dispose,  
The one doth blinke, the other bleare,  
In Pearle-drops striving with her nose.*

*Her brest are like two beds of blisse,  
Or rather like two leane-cowes udders,  
Which shewes that shee no Change-ling is,  
Because they say, such were her mothers.*

*Those*

## Loves Mistris.

Those few teeth left her in her head,  
Now stand like hedge-stakes in her gums,  
Full of white Dandriff is her head,  
Shee puts the Cobler downe for thumbs.

Her sides be long, her belly lank,  
And of her leggs what should I say,  
But that shee feesles well in the stanke,  
And both her feete, themselves display.

1. *Swai.* All the *Homers* in *Asia* could never have come so neere the businesse.

*Clo.* From head to foote, for her stature and yeeres, patterne her in all *Arcadia*; say shee bee a foule beast in your eyes, yet shee is my *Hyren*; and shewing soule to others, and faire to mee, I shall live the happier, and shee the honestest, but I have a remedy against all this in sight of *Cupid*.

2. *Swai.* What's that?

*Clo.* I heare *Psiche* his Mistris, is sent to hell for a boxe of beauty, 'tis but way-laying of her, and taking it from her, then *Amarillis* shall compare with any other she that dare. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Midas and Apulejus.*

*Mi.* This last I lik'd, and had it all beene such,  
Onely a meere discourse 'twixt swaines and clownes,  
It then had pleas'd mee; now some quaint device,  
Some kick-shaw or other to keepe me waking.

*Ap.* Then by the leave of these spectators heere,  
He suite mee to thy low capacitie;

## Loves Mistris.

Of *Vulcans* Cicloppe Ile so much intreate,  
That thou shalt see them on their Annile beate;  
'Tis musicke fitting thee, for who but knowes,  
The Vulgar are best pleas'd with noyse and shewes?

*A Dance of Vulcan and  
his Cicloppe.*

*Mid.* Well, this I like :

Now let mee know the creame of this conceit ;  
Why graine ? why measures ? why the number five ?  
Your morrall fir for that.

*Ap.* The number five, our *Sences* doth include,  
Those severall graines, our severall sorts of sinnes,  
Which like those seedes, to count, are infinite;  
And so commixt, that to distinguish them,  
It much transcends humane capacitie.

*Mid.* Then those Ants, what didst thou meane by that ?

*Ap.* By those are meant our recollections,  
And Laborinths, still busied in the search ;  
Of what hath past, and were it possible,  
By drawing them into their former heapes,  
To pay to each, indebted Penitence ;  
But all in vaine, for this can never bee  
Without true Love, guided by *Mercury* :  
But for my Sceane, how do'st thou relish that ?

*Mid.* As ribble, rabble, and I know not what ;  
A Violl must bee fill'd with stigious dropps,  
And that an Eagle must for *Psiche* fetch;  
And all this, to what purpose ?

*Ap.* What to thee,  
And such like drones, seemes to be most absur'd,  
Is to the wise, perspicuous and most plaine ?

When



## Loves Mistris.

When *Psiche* hath transgress'd, and her offence  
(Almost past pardon) meritts *Cupids* wrath;  
Then woes like waves, follow each others neck,  
Then must shee fetch a glasse of stigious water,  
A Violl fill'd with true Repentant teares,  
And that shee cannot fill, nor fetch from thence,  
But by the Eagles helpe, Heavens Providence.

*Mi.* But for her voyage into hell; can't make mee  
Believe, that once there, shee can come from thence?

*Ap.* Can't thou be silent, and but apprehend  
Thou now behold'st her sit in *Charons* boate?  
*Oblivion* reaching up his wretched hands,  
To crave her helpe, and then by folly woe'd,  
Next by the Idle sisters; these things past,  
Entering hell gates, whither thy imagination  
May bring her; Howsoever Gentlemen,  
I hope you will that better understand;  
Wee'le but affright her with hells Court, and then,  
On your wing'd thoughts bring her to earth agen. *Exeunt.*

## ACT. V. SCENE. I.

*Enter* Pluto, Proserpine, Minos, Eacus, Rhadamant,  
Charon, Cerberus, and Mercury.

*Plu.* **F**Aire *Mayas* Sonne, declare your embassie?

*Mer.* Wheate-crowned *Ceres*, harvest Sovereigne,  
And Mother to the faire *Proserpine*,  
Sends greeting to her Sonne, hells awfull King,

## Loves Mistress.

Letting him know, this day *Læonæ* Sonne  
Enters the first house of his *Zodiacke*,  
And with his guilt beames welcomes in the Spring ;  
This day the Virgins of *Sicilia*,  
Old Wives, young Children, Souldiers, Citizens,  
Princes and Prelates, on *Cissephus* bancks,  
Are gathered in well-order'd multitudes,  
Dancing in *Chorusses*, singing mirth-full layes,  
Such as *Iambe*, *Megamiræes* maid,  
Sung, when she mourn'd her Daughters ravishment :  
This day hath *Ceres* call'd a Sessions,  
Where *Proserpine* must bee ; but ere shee leave  
The black Imperiall Throne of this low world,  
*Psiche* the Daughter to th' *Arcadian* King,  
Must doe a message to her deitie.

*Prof.* Wee know th' Intent of that great influence,  
With all the purpose of the *Paphian* Queene,  
Shee meanes prowd *Psiche* never shall returne,  
And wee will keepe her; *Charon* fetch her ore.

*Cha.* Shee's come already.

*Mino.* Then conduct her in.

*Cha.* Hell's full enough of shrewes; if shee be faire,  
I know shee's curst, pray let her tarry there,  
A curst queanes tongue, the very seinds still feare.

*Plu.* Fetch her I say, *Venus* shall be reveng'd.

*Eae.* Goe *Charon*, waite upon him *Cerberus*.

*Mmo.* If shee performe the customes of our Court,  
Being sent on message from supernall powers,  
Wee can then with no justice keepe her heere.

*Rba.* True *Minos*, 'tis the law of hell and Fate;

Yet

## Loves Mistress.

Yet *Cerberus* and *Charon*, get you gone,  
Tell *Psiche* that hells King, and *Proserpine*,  
With *Minos* bench'd, *Eacus* and *Rhadaman*,  
Vpon their black Tribunalls, sends for her;  
You *Furies* with your enuious eyes attend,  
Least *Psiche* 'gainst our customes shall offend.

*Cha.* Come *Cerberus*, come hagg, fetch *Psiche* in.

*Cer.* Yes, and for all her staynes, and leprosie,  
Me-thinks I now could eat her. *Exit.*

*Mer.* *Psiche* is well instructed *Rhadaman*,  
Her husband *Cupid* gave her certaine rules,  
For her uncertaine journey.

*Enter Charon, Cerberus, and Psiche.*

*All.* Heere shee comes.

*Cer.* My sop, hast thou thy naulum Ferry-man?

*Cha.* I have.

*Plu.* *Psiche* stand forth, nay poore soule, tremble not.

*Mmos.* How came this woman over *Acheron*?

Reach'd shee not hand to helpe *Oblivion*?

*Cha.* No, yet the wretch made many a pittious cry,  
Yet shee look'd on him with a scornefull eye.

*Eac.* How did shee passe the hagg, that spunne the threads  
Of Idle-folly, in the path of hell?

*Cha.* They all desir'd her helpe, but shee deny'd  
To set a finger unto follies thred.

*Plu.* Shee hath done well, why kneel'st thou on the ground?

*Psi.* I kneele to *Proserpine*, for I am sent  
By sacred *Venus* for a boxe of beautie.

## Loves Mistris.

*Prof.* Faire *Psiche*, you shall have what you desire,  
Rise up, sit downe by us, 'tis much unfit;  
The Wife of *Cupid* on the ground should sit.

*Psi.* *Psiche* is *Cupids* out-cast, and his scorne,  
And therefore sits thus low, and thus forlorne.

*Plu.* Oh thou belov'd of *Love*, be not so sad;  
Furnish a Banquet, let our couden taste  
The delicates that grow in these darke groves.

*Prof.* Art thou not faint? *A Banquet set forth.*

*Psi.* Yes, wonderous faint, and weary,  
Faint through the want of foode, weary with toyle  
Of my un-number'd steps, faint through the terror  
That on each side affrights mee, faint and weary  
With bearing this poore burthen in my wombe;  
*Cupid*, thy words are true, thou did'st fore-tell,  
My pride on earth, should worke my plagues in hell.

*Plu.* Refresh thy selfe then, taste our delicates.

*Psi.* I dare not touch them.

*Rba.* Thou hast a sop, eate that.

*Psi.* It is not mine,  
It is your Porters fee.

*Cer.* Give it mee then.

*Psi.* Anon I will, at my returne from hience;  
In the meane time, sacred *Proserpine*,  
By all the teares your grieved mother shed,  
When you were stole from *Pismaes* flowrie banke,  
Let *Psiche* be dispatched to *Cipria*,  
Least the incensed goddesse doe some wrong  
To her poore servant, if shee stay too long.

*Plu.* Will shee not sit? scornes shee to taste our foode?

Give



## Loves Mistris.

Give her some wine.

*Cha.* Heere girle, drinke to hells King.

*Psi.* Give me co'd water from the murmuring spring?

*Plu.* I am soule-vest, that any mortall eye  
Should see our Customes, and returne alive,  
To blab them to the wide eare of the world:  
But *Proserpine*, having perform'd all rights,  
Wee must not heere detaine her; send her hence.

*Prof.* My envie equals yours, but all in vaine;  
*Pfiche* receive this boxe from *Proserpine*,  
Wherein Caelestiall beautie is inclos'd.  
But on thy life, dare not to looke into't,  
As thou respect'st thy safetie.

*Psi.* I receive it,  
And humbly begging to dread *Plutoes* Queene,  
Intreate to be dismiss'd this fearefull Court.

*Plu.* *Charon*, conuey her backe.

*Cha.* My Ferry-money.

*Cer.* My sopp.

*Psi.* Both's heere.

*Exit. Cha. and Cer. with Psiche.*

*Plu.* *Pfiche* is worthy to be *Cupids* Wife,  
And *Proserpine*, remember her to *Venus*,  
Make intercession, that the Queene of Love  
No longer prove th' ungentle step-mother.

*Mer.* *Pluto*, when *Pfiche* hath perform'd her taske,  
My Sister will no doubt be reconcil'd;  
*Cupid* presented a Petition  
To *Iove*, and all the Senate of the gods,  
To take from her, her base deformity,  
The gods agree'd, and *Venus* too was pleas'd

Ac

## Loves Mistress.

At her returne from hell it should be done.

*Plut.* Heere *Hermes*, take my Queene *Proserpina*,  
Returne her when the sister of the Sunne  
Hath sixe times compassed her silver spheare;  
Commend me to my mother, great *Loves* wife,  
My sister *Pallas*, and to all the gods,  
So fare-well *Plutoes* joy, all hell shall mourne  
With hiddious cries, till my faire love returne. *Exeunt.*

*Hidden musick.*

*Enter Cupid.*

*Cup.* Many a long looke have my watchfull eyes  
Sent out to meet with *Psiche*, heere shee comes, *Enter Psiche.*  
And in her hand the boxe, Cupid stand close,  
And over-heare the summe of her discourse.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Cl.* This is shee, I know her by her murther'd face; *Venus* did  
well to send her for beauty, for poore soule, she hath neede on't,  
I have dogg'd her, to see if I could find her at any advantage,  
to steale away her boxe; I have already got love from *Cupid*; I  
have got Poetrie from *Apollo*, and if I could now get beauty  
from *Psiche*, *Phaon* the faire Ferry-man, was never so famous in  
*Sicilia*, as I *Coridon* shall be in *Arcadia*.

*Psi.* You trayterous thoughts, no more assault me thus,  
My lovely *Cupid* charg'd me not to see  
What *Proserpine* sent *Venus* in this boxe,  
The like command did hells Queene lay on mee,  
Oh heaven, yet I shall die except I doe't.

*Cupid.*

## Loves Mistress.

*Cup.* I *Psyche*, what still in your longing vain?

*Clo.* That's it, nay I shall know 't, if I see 't againe.

*Psi.* It's beantie *Psyche*, and *Celastus*.

And thou art ugly, this will make thee shine,

And change this earthy forme to shape divine;

Open it boldly, but I shall offend,

Why say I doe, 'tis but the breach of duty,

And who'le not venture to get heavenly beantie,

Rich beantie, ever fresh, never decaying,

Which lies intomb'd in this heavenly shrine;

Nor in this bold attempt thinke mee prophane,

Striving thus sported, to be free from paine.

*Shee opens the Boxe, and falls asleepe.*

*Clo.* Nay I thought I should take you napping,

And thou shalt goe with mee; for 'tis my duty,

My Mistress being a blowe, to find her beantie.

*Cupid charmes him asleepe.*

*Cup.* To make thee lovely in thy Mistress eyes,  
Make use of that, and beatt of thy rich prize.

*Cupid layes a cunning sent Boxe by him.*

But foolish girl; alas why blame I thee,

When all thy Sex is guilty of like pride,

And ever was; but where's this beauty now?

Turn'd into slumbers, and like watery pearles

Of honey-tasting dew hangs on these lids;

Shee wakes againe; I have swept off the slumber

That hung so heavy on these closed covers,

Which once clos'd in, the light of all true lovers.

*Psi.* Where am I now? Dost *Cupid* pardon mee.

*Cup.* Come rise, and wipe away these fruitlesse teares;

L

Take



## Loves Mistress.

Take up the boxe, and hie thee to my Mocher ?

*Pf.* Shee'le kill mee for the beautie I have lost.

*Cup.* Tush foole, I gather'd it from thy clos'd eyes,  
Where in the shape of slumber it did rest;  
Be comforted, *Cupids* white hand shall cleere  
This blacke deformitie, and thou shalt ride  
In *Venus* charriot, and be deified :  
I thought to chide too bad, but 'twill not bee,  
True Love can but a while looke bitterly :  
Awake thou too, the treasure there inclos'd,  
Rise at will, but see it well dispos'd.

*Exit.*

*Clow.* Where am I, nay where is shee ; I no sooner cast mine  
eye upon the boxe, to say heere 'tis, but I was asleepe before a  
man could say what's this, what's this said I : Rejoyce all mor-  
talls that weare smocks, for I have found rich beauties boxe : I  
was before but a man made, but I am now a very made man ;  
and when 'tis knowne I am possess'rt of this rich treasure, both  
Young and Old, Short and Tall, Tagg and Ragg, Witch and  
Hagg, Crone and Beldam, who though they come abroad  
but seldome, will crawl upon crutches to find out mee ; But  
come as many as will, and as fast as can, by their favours, my  
*Amarillis* shall bee first serv'd : and yet not first neither, am  
I in possession my selfe, and shall not I be the white boy of  
*Arcadia* : *Adonis* is dead, and shall not I bee *Venus* sweet-  
heart.

Come boxe of beautie, and for white and red, *The Boxe is*  
Put downe *Joves* Page, the smooth fac'd *Ganimed*; full of ugly  
Dawbe on, dawbe on, as thicke as thou canst lay on, *Painting.*  
Till thou exceede the Ferry-man call'd *Phaon*;  
*Cupid* compar'd with mee, shall be a toy,

And



## Loves Mistress.

And looke but like the signe of the black-boy ;  
My face shall shine just as my hand disposes,  
In one cheek Ile plant Lillies, in t' other roses,  
Till all that this my visage gaze upon,  
Say there, there goes the faire-cheek'd *Coridon*.

*Enter Swaines,*

1. *Swai*. Where is *Coridon*, *Hymen* stayes, and *Amarillis* attends, the Bride is ready, but no Bride-groome to be found?

*Clo*. I doe not thinke the Clownes will know me when they see mee, *Colin*, *Dickon*, *Hobinall*; and how is 't, how is 't?

2. *Swai*. Ha ha ha, very kurtly me-thinks, is this *Coridon*?

*Clo*. Nay, if my face in *Swaines* breede such delight,  
What will the Nymphs doe when they come in sight.

3. *Sw*. Oh monstrous *Coridon*, how cam'st thou thus chang'd?

*Clo*. Chang'd, I hope so; I have not travell'd thus farr for nothing; speake you mortalls, doth not my brow relent? shines not my nose? springs not beere a Lillie, there a Rose?

2. *Swai*. A Rose, a Lillie? a Blew-bottle, and a cancker-flower, what is that upon thy face?

*Clo*. Beattie boyes, beattie.

2. *Swai*. Beattie dost call it, I prethee from whence came it?

*Clo*. Marry from hell.

2. *Swai*. From hell, I beleeeve it, for it hath made thee looke like a devill already.

*Clo*. Goe sheare your sheepe, make money of your wooll,  
Sell all your Lambes, and make your purses full,  
And then, if on the price wee can agree,  
Ile fit you all, and make you looke like mee.

## Lower Mistress.

2. *Swai*. Like thee, I'de rather see thee hang'd; dost thou think wee meane to weare Vizors.

*Clo*. This 'tis to be meeke mortalls, and have noe addition of learning or travell; their dull eyes cannot judge of Caelestiall beautie: but where's my *Amarillis*, and the god of marriage *Hymen*?

1. *Swai*. They both stay for thee in *Venus* Temple; but I hope thou wilt not be married to her in this pickle?

*Clo*. Will I not, yes, and dazell all their eyes that shall looke on mee, especially my *Amarillis*, and shee must needs have some part of my theft, all is not gone, something for her is left:

Leade on, leade on, this day you shall be my men,  
And thus in pompe will wee goe meeke with *Hymen*:  
And *Dickes*, if anon thou wilt be sinfull  
To drinke with mee, I will give thee thy skin-full:  
If any heere, I speake it out of dutie,  
Desire Completion from my boxe of beautie,  
This night I am busie, let him come to morrow,  
They shall have store, if they will buy, or borrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Phoebus*, *Pan*, *Vulcan*, *Venus*, *Admetus*,  
*Astioche*, *Petrea*, *Menetius*, and *Zelotes*.

*Ven*. By this I know, that *Minks* is come from hell,  
And heere she harbours; but *Arcadian King*,  
Deliver her, or by our dreadfull frowne,  
Ile spoile thy Courts, and cast thy Temples downe;  
Conceale her longer, not the gods intreats  
Shall guard her from the death, my rage intends.

*Ad*. Dread *Queene of Paphos*, thee remains not heere,

Nor

## Loves Mistress.

Nor thinke that I abet her, though my child,  
Against your wrath, or power; Nay, did she sojourne  
In any place where I have free command,  
Ide cause her to be fetch't thence instantly,  
And as your slave and vassaile tender her.

*Ven.* If she be safe return'd from *Proserpine*,  
Shee must be pardon'd, and become divine;  
But to conceale her beeing, and keepe backe  
Her present sight, aymes at her future wrack.

*Apol.* If ever in faire *Venus* I had power,  
Or grac'd her summer pastimes with my beames,  
At length with a commiserating eye,  
Looke on distressed *Psiche*.

*Vul.* Doe good wife,  
Vse her with all the favour thou can'st thinke,  
Conive at her, as I at thy faults winke.

*Pan.* And *Pan* protests by *Cornus* nut-browne haire,  
The fairest Nymph, since *Semele*, I got love;  
Befriends with her, my *Satyrs* all shall play,  
And I with them make this a holy-day.

*Enter Mercury and Proserpine.*

*Mer.* To all these gods, to *Venus*, and this traine,  
Health from the Sonne of *Saturne*, and Queene *Ceres*.

*Ven.* Welcome, what would the messenger of love  
To us, or these?

*Mer.* *Pan*, *Vulcan*, and your selfe,  
With *Phaebus*, and the great *Arcadian King*,



## Loves Mistris.

Must bee this day at *Ceres* sowing-feast,  
Vnto which Annuall meeting, see faire *Proserpine*  
Is come from *Plutoes* Court.

*Ven.* Welcome faire Queene.

*Apol.* Welcome faire sister, from the vaults below,  
Wee two are Twins, of faire *Laterna* borne,  
And were together nurst in *Delos* Ile;  
You guide the night, as I direct the day,  
Darkenesse and light, betwixt us wee deuide,  
Nor square, but in our mutuall Orbes agree,  
Vnlesse you move just 'twixt the earth and mee,  
For then you eclipse my lustre.

*Val.* Cousen Queene,

I am even moone-sicke, and halfe merry mad,  
For joy of thy arivall.

*Pan.* By our Crests

Wee should bee cousens, for wee both are horn'd,  
And *Vulcan* of our kin too: but sweere goddesse,  
Now I bethinke me of th' *Adonian* Nymphes,  
I am bound to thee for many a pretty fight,  
And much good sport I have had by thy moone-light.

*Prof.* To give you meeting, I am come from hell.

*Ven.* Saw you not *Pfiche* there?

*Prof.* Loves Queene I did,

Hither shee comes with *Cupid*, hand in hand,  
Her leprosie, through labour, is made cleere,  
And beautions in your eye, shee'le now appeare,

*Enter Cupid and Pfiche.*

*Cup.* Celastiall Sea-borne Queene, I heere present you

My



## Loves Mistress.

My *Psiche*, who hath satisfi'd your will :  
Deliver her, Faire Love, from *Proserpine*,  
The boxe of beautie, endlesse, and devine.

*Psi.* Gvided by *Love*, Lord of my life and hope,  
I come undaunted to your gracious sight,  
Hoping my sufferance hath out-worne his wrath ?

*Ven.* Shee hath scap'd hell, and now the taske is done,  
And I still crost by a disobedient Sonne ;  
But tell mee how this Leaper came thus faire ?

*Cup.* At my entreate it was,  
'Mongst all the gods I claym'd her for my Wife,  
Who taking a joynt pittie of her wrongs,  
Gave their consent, and then Great *Love* himselte  
Call'd for a cup of Immortallitie,  
Dranke part to her, and *Psiche* quaff't the rest,  
At which, deformitie forsooke her quite,  
And shee made faire, and then proclaym'd my bride,  
*Love* vowing, shee should now be deifi'd.

*Ven.* I see I cannot conquer *Destinie*,  
By Fate shee first was thine, I give her thee.

*Mer.* Now *Psiche*, you must see your sisters judg'd,  
Vnstaide *Petrea*, and unkind *Astioche*,  
*Admetus*, you must be their sentencer.

*Asti.* Husband, your knees.

*Petr.* My deare Lord pleade for us.

*Asti.* Will neither; yet Father.

*Ad.* Wretches peace,

*Psiche* by you was torne from her delight,  
And rudely rent from *Cupid* Paradise ;  
'Twas you that robb'd her of a Fathers love ;

By

## Loves Mistress.

By your alurements she was sent to hell,  
And had not divine ayde secur'd her thence,  
Poore soule for ever sh<sup>d</sup> had bin there detain'd,  
For which, to endlesse durance I adjudge you;  
For meritts silver gates are alwayes barr'd  
To hearts Impenitent, and willfull hard.

*Psi.* Have pittie on them Father, gentle husband,  
Remember not their frow'd in tempting mee:  
You gods, and goddesses, with *Pische* joyne  
To begg their pardons, all you *Arcadians* kneele;  
For had they not my happinesse envy'd,  
My Love and Patience had not so bin try'd.

*All.* Wee all will mediate for them.

*Ad.* Then Daughters, give your sister *Pische* thanks,  
And to her vertues be a servant still,  
As having made atonement for your ill.

*Both.* Wee'le hence-forth be her hand-maids.

*Ven.* They shall attend her unto Plenties bower,  
Where *Ceres*, Queene of all Fertility,  
Invites us with the other gods to feast.

*Mer.* There *Iove* and *Phaebus* shall leade *Cupids* Queene,  
To the bright Pallace of Eternitie;  
*Bacchus* shall give us Wine, and *Ganimed*  
Shall crowne our full cupps with the grapes pure blood;  
*Ceres* shall yeeld us all earth's delicacies,  
The *Graces* shall bring Balme, the *Muses* sing  
In *Cupids* honour, Loves Immortall King.

*Vul.* Vulcan will dance, and sing, and skip, and quicke,  
And with his smoakie jests make *Cupid* laugh.

*Cup.* Such as love mee, make mee their president,

## *Loves Mistris.*

See, thus I take faire *Psiche* by the hand,  
*Mercury* doe you the like to *Proserpine*,  
My Mother *Venus* cannot want a mate;  
In honour of our marriage, match your selves,  
And with a measure grace our nuptialls,  
But such as doe not love to bee in motion,  
view as spectators, how our joy appeares,  
Dancing to the sweete musick of the spheares.

*A Dance of Cupid, Psiche, the gods and goddesses.*

*Apol.* Now circle *Psiche* in a fayrie ring,  
Whil'ft I and *Venus* grace her with this Crowne;  
This done, to feast with *Ceres*, and the gods  
And next unto the Pallace of the Sunne,  
To end these sacred rites wee have begun.

*Enter Midas and Apulejus.*

*Mi.* Is this your morrall? This your Poetrie?  
What hast thou done, what spoake, what represented,  
Which I with all these cannot justly taxe?

*Ap.* Yes, all like thee th' obtuse and stupid mindes,  
But there's an understanding that hath depth  
Beyond thy shallow non-sence; there's a witt,  
A braine which thou want'st, I to that submit.

*Mi.* And ever in that thou fool'st thy selfe.

*Cup.* Nay then,  
I by the favour of these Gentlemen,  
Will arbitrate this strife; one seeks to aduance

M

His

## *Loves Mistris.*

His Art, the other stands for ignorance ;  
Both hope, and both shall have their merrits full,  
Heere's meede for either, both the apt, and dull,  
Pleas'd or displeas'd, this censure I allow ;  
Keepe thou the Asles cares, the Lawrell thou :  
If you, judicious, this my doome commend,  
*Psiche* by you shall doubly Crown'd ascend;  
And then this Legacie I leave behind,  
Where ere you love, prove of one faith, one mind.  
The Spring comes on, and *Cupid* doth devine,  
Each shall enjoy his best lou'd Valentine,  
Which when you have, may you like us agree,  
And at your best retirements thinke on mee.

---

*F I N I S.*



